

MACLEANS

A surrealist painting of a man's face, likely a caricature of a famous figure, with a distorted, elongated neck. The face is rendered in a realistic style with visible brushstrokes, showing a man with dark hair, light eyes, and a slight smile. The background is a complex, abstract composition of colors and textures, including a blue area with red and yellow dots, a yellow area with red dots, and a dark blue area with white and yellow patterns. The overall style is reminiscent of mid-20th-century modernist art.

OUR POP-UP P.M.

We bought him sight
unseen. Now what?

Why nice
people
smoke pot

How to be a
heart donor

Until now, the typical super-rugged watch had a face that would crack a clock.

Why do people feel a watch has to be ugly to be super-rugged? It doesn't! Take our new Oceanographer. It's strong on looks. Yet they don't come any tougher. To name just a few of its strong points: It has an armored crystal, which is a lot tougher than ordinary crystals. It's coated to withstand water pressure 330

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watch, you can't do better than an Oceanographer. Despite its good looks.

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MACLEAN'S REPORTS

JANUARY, 1969 VOLUME 82 NUMBER 1



The bountiful booty - and impending fate - of a TV pirate

ONE NIGHT in the spring of 1968 a New York State broadcaster named Lowell ("Bud") Passon spun the dial on his TV set and spotted a fuzzy picture on Channel 9. It was some kind of black reception from CFTO-TV, up in Toronto, Canada. He settled back to watch *Perry's Probe* and found it interesting—a guest was telling Norm Perry that God was alive and well on Jupiter.

At some point during the next half-hour, Passon—who is late, precociously black-faced and, at 33, executive and general manager of Trend Broadcasting, Inc., operator of three radio stations and an independent UHF-TV outlet in Jamestown, about 30 miles southeast of Buffalo—experienced one of those moments of inspiration which, as Walter Cronkite used to say, alter and dominate our time. Why not pick up the tower of Trend's WNYV-TV and pirate CFTO programming hole-in-hole through the air?

Passon promptly put this singular scheme into operation, spending \$5,000 on a 400-foot tower atop WNYV's existing 280-foot structure. The Channel 9 signal came in like gangbusters, and Channel 26 began to bounce it out into southwestern New York State and parts of Pennsylvania. The result has been a local reversal of the U.S. satellite barrage. Up to 300,000 Americans now join Passon in

watching *Perry's Probe* and such varied Canadian as *90.5, People in Conflict* and *Cosmo Music Hall*—even *Queen Period*, a simulated House of Commons debate. In all, the station carries 23 daily and weekly series from Toronto, easily topping the 35-per-cent Canadian content regulation laid down for Canadian stations.

Passon's overland would make such a communications ploy piracy in Roy Thomson green with envy. The programming from Toronto—120 miles away as *Uncle Bobby* flies—costs Passon not a nickel, while his coffers are filled by local sponsors whose messages replace CFTO bluffs. This strategy has transformed WNYV from a marginal operation (subsisting on old movies, cheap local shows and a *60 seconds* syndicated instructional path) into a Canadian gold mine.

When someone expands in international TV piracy, can his counterpart be far behind? Yes, as a matter of fact Canadian and U.S. broadcasting authorities do not extend beyond national borders. In mid-August of 1968, the Canadian government reversed laws relating U.S. programming purchased by CTV. Buffalo's CBS affiliate, infuriated by the pre-release of its own shows on WNYV, threatened a lawsuit based on copyright infringement. "Our lawyers said we probably would have won the suit," says Passon. "After all, cable TV picks up signals from the air and has been declared exempt from copyright law. But if it's lost—wow! We could have been sued for millions." Right then, WNYV went widely Canadian.

CFTO-TV, reflecting, perhaps, president John Balfour's grudging admission for another wheeler-dealer, tacitly agreed to tolerate Passon. "He came up here to ask us if we were going to sue him," says program manager Jack Ruttle. "He was a charming 300-0-a-gun with a crooked smile. The situation was so unique that nobody knew what to do about it." Passon says Balfour verbally assured him he wouldn't sue. In return, Passon promised to run all CFTO's Canadian programs, to display CFTO's call letters between shows and to run CFTO commercials for products that were locally available.

"I live with the good and the bad," says Passon with the air of a man for whose honor transcends mere expedience. "We even carried the Canadian political conventions. The *Pig and Whistle* is one repeated show. Canadian football is also extremely popular. WJ has many international items of interest here. The only show I really can't stand is *River Inn*. Well, it won't last. I'm certain of that."

He may be right—at least similar to WNYV is concerned, informed by Marlene's of Passon's operation, the Association of Canadian Television and Radio Artists reacted with a combination of spluttering rage—performers are demanded additional payment for U.S. screenings—and satisfaction that here, at last, was proof positive that Canadian shows appeal to U.S. viewers. ACTRA's national president Victor Kline plans to launch the whole thing out with CFTO.

JOE KUTNER



Defox in Nigeria for Canada, insurance plus (left) shows plus (right) shows (right) shows

Why our aid to Biafra never got off the ground

AT THIS WRITING—and things may change, in fact should change before you read it if we are to retain any pride and confidence in our Canadian humanitarianism and efficiency—the story of our attempts to do something about the thousands of starving people

Bulova Oceanographer
—super waterproof automatic
immersion hands and markers.
In yellow, Model No. 12235 \$85.00
Available in stainless steel
Model No. 11414 \$89.95
As shown (shown) depicted elsewhere

in Nigeria can almost be staged up in a set of alternative polemical clichés: bombing, terrorism, brainwashing (there are two very efficient propaganda machines at work — on both the federal and Biafran sides), or, if you prefer another set of alternative words, destruction, isolationism, and federalism. That last word is one of the real keys to the situation — Ottawa's previous fear of setting a precedent which some day could become embarrassing in Quebec if we appear to support a separatist province in a federal system.

The frustration has been greatest among the air crew who flew out Hercules aircraft to Lagos. One plane sat there for weeks with an unmovable propeller, a second arrived with spare parts and stayed for almost a week (for reasons never properly explained to the crew concerned) and then was also withdrawn. The considerable reasons were that the airstrip where food was needed could not take the pounding of constant landings by the heavy aircraft. Our agents tried to agree — but only because the strips had been treated with a thin layer of asphalt over a really solid base of crushed rock. And the asphalt is already breaking up, and that becomes dangerous the first spring when it is only potential landing place. In their own words, the Hercules land and take off constantly on grass, on strips made of crushed rock or gravel, and there is no problem. About a day's work with a bulldozer at it, say. Excuse me, the asphalt and roll the crushed rock smooth would make the strip perfectly capable of taking the Hercules — and smaller aircraft as well.

Thus there was the plan to send in Canberra, smaller aircraft which presumably could have used the airstrip. That plan, too, was cancelled or postponed, in this case (I understand was told) because the International Red Cross wasn't sure whether it could enter there. This waffling seemed ludicrous coming from an organization that claims to have had more than 20,000 tons of food clogged in during the month of November, and now it is desperately in need of transport to move it. And here is where another of these alternative words applies: bureaucracy. The man who actually runs the food — many of them concerned there — told me the Civil Service would in many cases be ideal and simply useful. Somewhere along the line commissions get lost. Surely, that is because of politics: the IRC feels it must maintain its position of political neutrality and play some kind

of hawk with the Nigerian federal government. And (to be fair) when you have to live with a military dictatorship, so you do.

On the other hand, consider what the church organizations are doing. Without exception in most cases, often at the risk of lives, they are moving up to three times as many relief flights into Biafra as the Red Cross. Politically speaking, there appears to be no possibility of a negotiated settlement. Whether genocide actually is taking place, or whether there is merely what some people have called a "pathological fear of genocide" on the part of the West and other western tribal groups, the gap is there, and it appears to be permanent. And hundreds of thousands of people are dying.

All of which raises two questions: why isn't the Canadian effort dominated through the church organizations, which seem to work, instead of the IRC, where the gap between need and supply is steadily widening? The other question, which has been put to me by word and by mail for weeks is "Why should we be sending out these people thousands of miles away who are conducting some obscure tribal war? Why shouldn't we be doing something about our own Indians and Eskimos?" The answer I believe is simple. We are one of the two or three most affluent nations on earth. We should be doing something about that.

HORMAN DEPOSE

A supermarket whose customers all stay home

SEVERAL HUNDRED Montreal housewives now have a way to do their supermarket shopping without pushing a cart, lining up at a checkout counter or squeezing with neighbours they didn't intend to buy. Their "store" is Home Supermarket, a mail-order operation that went into business without failure last summer and has been carefully building a clientele ever since.

To shop at Home you phone for a catalogue, which arrives by mail. Then you leaf through its 1,500 items, marking the quantities of the things you want. Next you tear off the pertinent card order forms and slip them into a prepaid, pre-addressed envelope, and on its back you mark the time and date you want your groceries delivered. Delivery is free, and Home's drivers won't accept any.

"I don't think any housewife is keen on shopping," says the firm's founder and president, 36-year-old

Monica Rotstein. Rotstein, a former Beatrice's executive who became part-time in marketing at McGill, offers prices which, he says, average seven percent less than in conventional supermarkets. Five percent discounts on case lots (one mother of 12 went for that with a \$300 order) and such things benefit as co-ops-apart each for empty pay bills.

After receiving statements only by word-of-mouth for three months, Rotstein got a sudden glimpse in business in September through a couple of ads in suburban newspapers. A few weeks later, he moved out of his original co-located warehouse to quarters three times as big.



Monica Rotstein

My terrible 30 minutes with Dr. Hawkins' magical machine

WHAT, I WONDERED, is a man like me doing in a machine like this? I'm terrified of anything electrical, yet there I was, strapped to a couch, at the mercy of a steam-looking machine, with electrodes attached to wet pads fastened all over my face. I tried to climb up. Little green and red lights flickered on a wheeled counter, all was quiet except for the rumble outside the window of rush-hour traffic in London's elegant Coventry Street, and I lay hoping Dr. Hawkins knew what he was doing.

Dr. Sebastian Hawkins, a South African osteopath, invented the electrical shivering machine that has become a fad among health-conscious doctors. That machine is a supposedly shocking away aches, pains, and

all unwanted inches and toning up slack muscles on everybody from plump teenagers to arthritic grandmothers, at hundreds of clinics throughout England, Africa and Europe. (I

found the Hawkins people have their way, their treatment will be available in major Canadian cities by mid-1980.)

Hawkins' machine, a transformerless apparatus straight out of the 1940s, uses a combination of currents into the muscles in a series of modulated jolts, causing them to contract and relax. This way you can (they say) stay slim, wrinkle and painless with absolutely no effort. A comfortable thought. But suddenly I spotted my machine now plugged into the wall. What happened, I wondered, to all that electricity between the time it came out of the wall and the time it moved into my upper arm?

"Only a fraction of an amp will reach you," my technician, a marvelously nice Hungarian woman named Hanna, assured me several times. Besides, she added, should anything go wrong, there was a safety release switch. Suddenly I realized she had switched the machine on Z-plasma-oo — then again, and again. Then suddenly Z-plasma-oo-oo-oo! "The current is too high," she said, and I was two and a half metres from the electrodes and calmly "Soon it will change state."

It did Z-plasma-oo-oo-oo and every muscle I owned contracted, not from the Hawkins current, but from terror. The machine's control panel itself glowed. Technically I was having the half-hour simple treatment. Had I been a Hawkins regular, I'd have been going through the treatment (at easy 12 electrodes over the body) anywhere from three to six times a week, for 30 to 60 minutes at a time. Each Hawkins machine takes two patients, and my co-victim, a very nicely plump, began obstreperously her course. "Continued with a diet. I've already lost 25 pounds and dropped two dress sizes," she told me proudly.

Canadian Hanna explained that it's possible to increase the current as a patient becomes accustomed to the treatment. Ignoring my protests, she turned on enough power, I'm sure, to light a building. As I looked on, horrified, my co-victim's head began to shake. She was shaking so hard she was shaking. The electrical impulses gripped my mid-section like a vice, and I felt the current changed. I tried a Lilliputian essay in tooth show, covering up my legs.

I gave up when my half hour was over, and my hands were clammy as I climbed off the couch. The weight isn't shocked off, I debated — it's sweated off in tears. Now my legs were rubbery and my back ached all over. For almost an hour, I wanted

nothing but home, a hot bath and bed. Then gradually I relaxed to feel wretchedly limber and refreshed, and ready for a night of sleepwalking.

Perhaps, as Canadian Hanna intimated, the treatment would be even more effective once I get used to the machine. Maybe it would — if somebody could figure out a way to make a work without electricity.

BETINA MCGILL



Four-letter words? You'll find them all in Hansard

STUDENT AGENCIA have a new ally in (of all places) the Canadian Senate. If all he has to do with the distribution and lack of it — of the student's unofficial magazine, a volume called *The Student As Nigger*, by a San Diego English professor named Jerry Fisher. In it, Fisher contends that colleges keep students in the state of subjugation as the Dirty South keeps its Negroes. And, like most Underground writers, Fisher mixes no four-letter words.

Several student newspapers have reported *Nigger*, thereby arousing varying degrees of anger among college administrators. But the worst blow over *Nigger* so far occurred early last fall, when the militant Canadian Union of Students tried to distribute the essay in student form throughout high schools and colleges across Canada. Authorities reacted swiftly and effectively. In Vancouver, Calgary, Winnipeg, Windsor, Waterloo, Ottawa, Toronto, Belleville and Halifax, students who handed out the leaflets were either suspended or at least threatened with suspension.

Clearly, the essay was an issue of freedom of expression, and the courts were wrong.

Then, in mid-September, Senator Donald Cameron of Alberta, discus-

PETERSON ON THE PROWL



... some kind of special adviser to the prime minister, I expect.

ing the student revolt in the Senate, asked that *Nigger* be put on the Senate record as an example of extremist thinking. He made the request, he said, with "great respect, because it is the worst piece of writing in a career since that has ever gone into a Senate Record."

His engravings, in one sense at least, were well founded. The entire text of *The Shadow of Nigger* appears in the Appendix of the *Senate Record* for September 19, 1968. It has since been distributed to hundreds of libraries in high schools and universities across Canada—including many schools where students were responsible for distributing *Nigger*.

"I wonder," said one student who had been suspended, "whether a principal could stop us from handing out 300 copies of *House*?"

TRACY CAMPBELL



**Forget the CIA
and the NKVD
—look out
for the BIA!**

even since I was little and Lifestyle step music are still like a YMCA downy stink, which I like better than I smelted before. I've reversed those gardens of personal hygiene, the song and dentifrice companies. They've moved, rolled-on and sprayed me to a happier life. When *Exley* drenches across down on my skin, I get jittery. Head & Shoulders sharpens down up the nose. Whenever I leave the supermarket, a kindly Englishman in a Mossburg hat catches my eye of *Joe Blue Secret*, just as he televises—and gives me a better eye. And when I brush with Ultra-Brite, total sinners, interestingly all girls, blow those popular TV kisses that stick on one's cheek for hours.

But I'm a little damaged at Procter and Gamble's latest national TV campaign, seen here since early No-

vember after a warring U.S. defeat. The producers are turning us into a nation of snobs. Know somebody with bad breath? Spiced on him? Send him some and address to Breath-In-Jarman Anonymous and P&G'll send him a 10-cent coupon for a bottle of Scope mouthwash. He'll never know who killed.

Granted, it's a humorous approach, designed to soothe anti-Americanism in us who go around muttering, "Bad taste!" It's a typical Scope conversational man, doing our Italian-style with his girl, says tenderly, "Honey, you got a breath problem?" Zaps the chatters here with the words, "Telling someone he's got a breath problem is risky, and very unwise," crosses the advertiser "Let Breath Informers Anonymous take the risk..." And he tells you how to inform, while a hot number flashes on screen over a handsome bottle of Scope.

The campaign is "very successful" or both countries, says P&G, which simply means it is getting Scope into a lot of new suburban homes. But it also means that hundreds of provincial politicians here, and thousands over the border, are raking on their noses, teachers, ex-servers and mothers-in-law whether they used Scope or not.

So far, apparently, nobody has objected or opened a vein, after getting an anonymous coupon via some terrific with a guide. "Naturally we worried about a negative public reaction, but so far there's been absolutely none," says Brian J. North Gordon, P&G's Canadian director of corporate affairs. "Everybody realizes it's a tongue-in-cheek thing, and I think they rather enjoy it." If there were strong objections, says Gordon, the commercial would be withdrawn.

Well, here's one complaint: Mad-Vietnam that I am, I dislike hearing people being urged to squal on their neighbors, even if it is in as good clean-crafted form. Also, I'm worried. To test the system I informed on myself, anonymously, and duly received my coupon. Now I'm on that great P&G master list of Canadians alleged to have bad breath. What if the Moslems are held of it and caused my passport? Suppose a fall into the hands of rival agents and I'm shadowed by the man from Iran, or tapped by Procter Power? What if some bemused computer feeds the list to employers everywhere, who will never when I go job-hunting, "Not you! You're not known!" I feel a sense of dread, the flat, metallic taste of fear on my tongue.

Or maybe it's just a touch of Jangle Mouth.

ROBERT COLLINS

EDITORIAL

AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU TOO, LBJ

LYNDON JOHNSON began his presidency with a lusty Texan ardor to cure greatness as a solver of big problems. His ends it is a bag of frustration and failure, shorn of political authority long before the scheduled transfer of office to Richard Nixon on January 20.

Not since Herbert Hoover got blamed for the Great Depression has any U.S. president borne such intense disfavor and condemnation from his own people, and Hoover didn't come near Johnson's international rating as an ego.

Has LBJ been that bad a president? To us he seems less a base villain than a tragic hero.

It was a misfortune that the critical test of his administration came in Asian policy, where Johnson was least qualified to judge the advice he got—most of it bad, evidently. His tragic flaw was vanity; he vowed he wouldn't be "the first American president to lose a war."

Hence the decisions to bomb North Vietnam and build up the American army in South Vietnam. The consequences have blighted or obscured his good works.

But it isn't fair to forget that the Southerner did more to promote the legal equality of Negroes than any president since Lincoln; that he caused the attendance of American education by breaking an ancient deadlock on federal aid to schools; that he released millions of old people from suffering and waste with medicare for over-65s.

His egoism and stubbornness over Vietnam finally yielded to humility and wisdom. He gave up the presidency without a fight when he saw he could no longer unite his party or his people, and sought peace with a will-tradent loss.

It's hard to imagine his successor doing better than continuing that quest, and building on some of Johnson's foundations for social justice and reconciliation.

Lyndon Johnson had big virtues as well as big faults. It wouldn't surprise us to see his achievements outlive his errors.



HARSH MEETS ITS WATERLOO

It happens every couple of generations—a whisky like Calvert Grand Prix. A Canadian whisky made in amazingly smooth that veteran drinkers begin to stir their drinks more thoughtfully. So smooth, you could sip it straight," say the men who know. Taste.

One straight sip. Without fear. Without compromise. Because harsh has met its Waterloo. Later, add its favorite mixer. You know right away you're mixing in a smoothest company. Which is why we named it Grand Prix.

The prized smoothie from Calvert.

Calvert Grand Prix: tells it to you straight.



PAULINE JEWETT

The provinces are hushing it up, but Ottawa still helps pay for higher education. Here's why Ottawa should take it all over. And how...

You're there, reading the reports of provincial ministers of education and/or university affairs newsletters, that only provincial governments had anything to do with the financing of higher education in this country. You'd think that the federal government was completely out of the picture — a dead duck.

Take, as examples, the 1963 report of Ontario's Minister of University Affairs and the 1967 report of Ontario's Committee on University Affairs. (The 1968 reports aren't out yet.) The minister's report makes only one mention — one very small, rather grudging mention — in the whole of its 130 pages, of the federal government's program for helping with university and post-secondary education costs.

And the committee's report makes not even one mention of the federal government's financial contribution. In fact, it implies that no longer is there any federal contribution to mention. For example, it produces the following figures on university program-

	Total Government Expenditure	Total Federal Contribution	Total Government Expenditure	Total Federal Contribution
1957-58	\$1,071,000	\$1,071,000	\$1,071,000	\$1,071,000
1964-65	\$1,144,000	\$1,144,000	\$1,144,000	\$1,144,000
1965-66	\$1,215,000	\$1,215,000	\$1,215,000	\$1,215,000

Then it states: "This represents nearly

equal rate of increase of provincial support reflects not only the great increase in enrollment and the higher cost levels associated with the introduction of new institutions, but also reflects the recommendation by the Federal Government in 1966 of its policy of providing direct university grants... (My italics.)"

The implication is clear. In 1966 the federal government "opted out" of higher education, leaving the provincial governments bearing the whole brunt of university (and other post-secondary) education costs.

Nothing could be further from the truth. The federal government did keep making direct grants to universities at the end of the 1966-67 fiscal year, but immediately it began a new scheme. It had already been transferring one part of the corporation income tax to the province of Quebec in lieu of direct university grants. It now extended this transfer to all provinces and added to it four percentage points of the personal income tax, plus equalization of both taxes up to the national average. This rather large fiscal transfer was designed to avoid provincial governments not only with university costs but with the costs of post-secondary education generally.

In addition, the federal government made provision for what it called "adjustment payments." If, in any given year, the four-plus-one formula, equalized, did not produce revenues equal to either 515 per cent of the province's population or 50 percent of the operating expenditures of the province's post-secondary educational institutions, the federal government would make up the difference. Guaranteeing 50 percent of the operating expenditures of a province's post-secondary educational institutions was particularly important in that it provided a very real incentive to provincial governments not to spend the fiscal transfer on, say, roads and bridges but, rather, on university and, therefore, spend money on university and other post-secondary educational development.

As a result of these arrangements, the federal government made available to the provinces in the 1965-66 fiscal year approximately \$480 million, of which some \$150 million was in adjustment payments. In the current, 1965-66 fiscal year, it is making available some \$390 million of which approximately \$245 million is in adjustment payments. For those years, out of its financial commitment to higher education, the federal government because each year twice and more directly involved.

There it, in my view, everything to

be said for more money being spent on education at the post-secondary level. Canada is still a long way from achieving the skills necessary to a post-industrial society and the accomplishments desirable in any society. We are also a long way from achieving genuine equality of educational opportunity. The arguments in favor of increased spending made by the Blacks Report in 1963 and the report of the Economic Council in the same year, arguments that strongly influenced the federal government of that day, are as relevant in 1969 as they were then — indeed, more so.

Surely, though, it is wrong in a democracy for the public not to know who is feeding the bills, particularly when the bills are increasing at the rate of \$100 million or more a year. As long as federal support to higher education is channelled largely through the provinces, the public remains under the impression — an impression that is foolish, as we have seen, by the provinces — that only provincial governments have a fiscal responsibility in the matter. This may, of course, be what the federal government wants the public to think. If so, it is misleading the public as much as the provinces are.

It is my impression, however, that the federal government would prefer to be openly and clearly in a field, not surreptitiously and negatively. The solution, then, is to declare that part of the post-secondary field appropriate to it. It could, of course, occupy no part of the field at all, but this would be such a retrograde step that I cannot imagine the government even contemplating it.

My proposal is that the federal government take over 100 percent of the operating costs of, first, our universities, later some of our other post-secondary educational institutions. It should do so, not through grants to the particular institutions, but through paying directly to students wanting to go to university (and qualified to do so) the full cost to the university of their education, each year. At the moment this would amount to about \$2,000 a year per student, including tuition. And the total would about equal what the federal government now makes available to the provinces for all education after grade 12, through fiscal transfers and adjustment payments.

There are, of course, other ways of bringing into the open the federal government's fiscal responsibility in the field of higher education. Covering university operating costs via direct payments to students is only one way. But it is, I think, by far the best. □

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or Color TV with lifetime guaranteed circuits for about \$499.



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GIVE...
so more will live
HEART FUND



Contributed by the Publisher

The Titled Gin



WHITE SATIN by
SIR ROBERT BURNETT

A classic British balance of the smooth and the dry. Invented in London, 1770, by nobility for nobility. And tastes it.

LOD THOMSON

Any Robert Thomson — or Caroline remember Lord Thomson of Fife — is the grandson of 18th immigrants, 290 other companies and an estimated \$200-million. Legions of talented people in five continents depend upon him for their livelihood. He is a true aristocrat made by the wild and beautiful beauty and history of London where he now lives. Business people across the world look upon him as the phenomenon of the mid-century. Yet he is a lovely old man.

His health is good and he remains unimpaired in poverty and leisure. But at 74, he cannot be too long in staying down, a sickness of the digestive pulse, a shadow of retirement — and of death. These winter days Lord Thomson sits in Thomson House over the River Fife and thinks about where retirement will come and how it will be. Here in a conversation with Maclean's correspondent Sinking O' Flanagan, he reveals for the first time that he intends to spend his final years — and his final day — back home in Canada.

At the end, he wants to be in Toronto, where it all began for him on June 3, 1894. He would like to be buried next to his wife, Margaret, where he was born, from James Henry Colquhoun where he was what little schooling he had, from the site of the old cottage company that paid him five dollars a week from Union Station, where he caught a train for the north — a young man like him in a job selling radiators — to die, and at one of the world's great business centres.

Maclean's Lord Thomson, do you feel nostalgic for Canada?

Lord Thomson: Oh, I like to go back to Canada, sure. There is a home there. And I know so many people and I do feel nostalgic, certainly. Eventually, I'll go back to Canada. I won't be late in this country unless I do so eventually. I do miss it. I miss, and don't miss, when my friends feel me or my physical ailments give way as me. I will go back to Canada. I wouldn't feel north and stay in this country. I'd go back there. Maclean's: You must have fondness for Canada, then?

Thomson: Well it's more than that. Look, I lived there until I was 89 years old. You don't lightly forget that do you? I mean, these were the things that he knew and he loved.

Maclean's: Where are your closest friends in Canada — the people you are closest to, other than your son?

Thomson: I'm not very close to anybody except for the business. We do a lot of



"I am more acquisitive than ever. I like making money. But I don't consider I've got money. I've got businesses"

concerning in hotels and things like that. But I don't go out much with people and play cards with them I just don't have a lot of close personal friends. Maclean's: His poor reputation that did you?

Thomson: Not the slightest. I think I am more acquisitive today than I've ever been.

Maclean's: How much was your wealth when you reached middle age and what do you estimate you're worth now?

Thomson: I wasn't worth very much then, not more than a few thousand. As to what I am worth now, I never give out that figure. You can figure it out for yourself by our holdings in the two main companies we own — 60 percent in Thomson Newspapers Limited and 78 percent of the Thomson Organizations shares in Britain.

Maclean's: You had a hard time during your early days. Tell us a bit about those times.

Thomson: They were difficult days certainly, because we never had any money. My education stopped at 14, when I had

to go to work. The last year of my education I spent at a business college in Toronto learning shorthand typing and a smattering of bookkeeping and I paid my way by sweeping out the place at night and during the day in the morning I got used to hard work. I liked it and I was determined that I was going to be successful. I knew that if I didn't make money I couldn't have a family and I couldn't do the things in life that I felt I had to do.

Maclean's: Did you ever work all day to sell a one-dollar bill?

Thomson: I don't know whether that's an exaggeration, but I worked awful hard. A dollar was a pretty good thing. I can tell you I still work pretty hard to make a few dollars. I like making money.

Maclean's: Did it ever occur to you that you might not be successful?

Thomson: I never had the slightest doubt. I inherited the old Salomon Army depot. "You can be down but you're never out." I've had lots of failures and I think that from my failures I learned more than from my successes. My failures have given me in good stead. Maclean's: You once told you would be a millionaire by the time you were 30, didn't you?

Thomson: Yes, but I didn't quite make it. I was a bit delayed. I was 31 but what's 25 years?

Maclean's: You once said owning a telephone makes you like printing money. What do you think now?

Thomson: I said that about Scottish Television. In two years I was making five million dollars out of that asset. Well, I said that was as good as a government licence to print money. It might have been a bit indiscreet in my so far, it was certainly the truth. Maclean's: Do you still like social class on transatlantic planes?

Thomson: Yes. Maclean's: Do you still weigh your luggage before you leave home so you can avoid paying excess baggage charges?

Thomson: I do. It is doing really offend my sense of what's proper to have to pay overweight.

Maclean's: How much do you usually pay for breakfast when you're away from home?

Thomson: I don't eat often in hotel dining rooms. I eat in the kitchen. I don't go to eat in a hotel dining room and have three or four people waiting on me.

Maclean's: Do you think the Canadian and U.S. governments should reward the elite with interest?

Continued on page 72



Bob Harmer builds old buildings

You may think someone has flipped their head but, it's true. Bob Harmer is a professional engineer who is the Construction Manager on the Fort of Louisbourg restoration project in Nova Scotia. Working from original plans found in Paris archives, Bob and his staff of engineers, who work for the National and Historic Parks Branch of the Department of Indian Affairs and Northern Development, are restoring the famous fortress as it was in the mid 1700s. Louisbourg and other historical sites are being restored to preserve great chapters of history for future generations of Canadians.

Bob Harmer is part of the new breed of people in public service — college educated, ambitious and dedicated to Government service both in and out of the workplace and in the home. The Public Service of Canada has career opportunities for men and women like Bob. If you'd like to know about them, write to:



Career Info,
Public Service
Commission of Canada,
Box 100,
Place de Ville,
Ottawa, Ontario.

MILLAG

Toronto the Cool: where's the HOT / The law on trial / Charity is not for Nazis / No joy in our schools

By saying that William Desnoes thought the best deal for the Prime Minister of Guyana came from Ghana's writer Roy Hargrove is being unfair to Toronto's Mayor (Frank, Fair Roy!) from City Hall. Desnoes's question to the Prime Minister was whether his country planned to join the Caribbean confederation. Since Guyana is a Caribbean state (though not an island), and Ghana is not, it is obvious from the context that Desnoes did not make an error, but merely a joke of the tongue. He clearly knew what country he was talking about.

BERNARD G. KANE, TORONTO

• You made me wonder if I ever did live in what you call Toronto. The Cool Shopping, retail, creative and exciting Toronto isn't. Reading the prospectus, I almost forgot that Toronto is the place where Liquor Board outlets close early on Saturday nights, where a store would close its doors hard for any downtown job that pays more than \$20 a week, where the downtown shopping is limited to two department stores and a few cheap "shops", where I did not once see a truly well-dressed woman. Toronto is a bore, a bore and an apocryphal.

NEIL L. WRIGHT, KANSAS CITY

• Thanks for the lead which about Vancouver's restaurants in the Toronto-Dominion Canada 14 States Guide To Toronto. But when you referred to the Heritage as being "trivially" Canadian, most expensive. I suspect you were thinking of the Fifty-Fourth, our real top restaurant. Heritage prices are astronomical. Fifty-Fourth prices are higher, but, like that, good value — and no higher than those at the other top restaurants in Toronto — JAMES F. HODGE, VICE-PRESIDENT, VERAPORE SERVICES LTD., TORONTO

Law & order

In *The Law On Trial* you are critical of the severe sentence for shoplifting handed down by Magistrate T. R. Beckwith. When you referred to expert was that some time ago McGuire gave simple and repeated warning in his court (and it was reported in the press) that he was going to overreact to increase the penalties for shoplifting to the legal maximum in an endeavour to stop it.

JOHN H. PARK, ST. CATHARINES, ONT.

• Your initiative in promoting public discussion of the administration of justice is to be welcomed. Your story will be reviewed as knowing that there is a lack and active interest in making politics out of judicial administration in this country. One of the suggestions advanced by the Canadian Judicial Council is the introduc-

tion of independent monitoring agencies to monitor the actions of judicial powers to the Minister who would appoint the judicial appointing power. Public support for this kind of proposal would go a long way toward eliminating the public disaffection evidenced by your questions to the Minister of Justice.

• A. STEVENSON, DIRECTOR, THE CANADIAN JUDICIARY SOCIETY

• Your report, in these days of increasing divergences for law and order, was, I think a departure to the contrary. Like so much of the soft thinking of today, it was shrouded in a form of the unspoken and against the focus trying to preserve order. The police have a difficult role to play and by and large, they do succeed. (By the way — MORGAN LEWIS, OF MONTREAL)

For charity — only

Having read *New One And Cross The Goodies* (Toronto: The Trust For 486) (1987) (1987), my husband and I go to another charitable organization, so I think he said it is better spent on charity work.

C. LILLIAN ANDERSON, MONTREAL

Add A, B & C

Reading Alexander Koci's article, *Maternal Funds For Girls: Why Aren't They?* (*Toronto: The Trust For 486*) (1987) (1987), we were a little surprised that Royal Trust's three Maternal Funds — A, B and C — were omitted. Koci's list of "good" trust companies' investment funds. Our group of these different types of funds for the individual investor is the second largest in the business community (\$45 million) and the funds have enjoyed a growth and performance record matching, or bettering, comparable funds referred to in your summary — T. A. LEE, GENERAL MANAGER, PUBLIC RELATIONS, THE TRUST COMPANY, MONTREAL

The Raa Goshok file

Joe Ruddy's article, *Roy Goshok Makes A Living Telling People Trudeau Is A Communist* — could not raise within me any sense of anger. In contrast, neither is a bourgeois article, is one about and about.

L. L. CLARENCE, JAMES VICTORIA

• Very soon we shall be looking for many people like Goshok to lead us.

JAN THOMSON, TORONTO, ONT.

• You neglected to state that Goshok also accused Trudeau of belonging to an organization supporting the war effort. Goshok's war machine was used out his program. It contained nothing that

would not be seen for Trudeau. Goshok was not too old to believe in those that such things are no longer considered detrimental, but passively.

J. A. SPENCER, MONTREAL, QUE.

• To make Goshok look ridiculous, Joe Ruddy refers to an article written approximately 18 years ago. This is very much a misstatement. Goshok was only many months but he does stand up for the well-being of this country and is willing to take shots at it.

W. H. WILSON, WEST MONTREAL

Who needs failure?

By your Editorial *The Inevitable Lesson Of Failure: Political failure, which you beautifully describe, has no place in any field of education — not even in reference to the Parnassus method of conditioning for students. Inevitably or arbitrarily a political teacher is the only individual who succeeds in failing a child. Let us try to remember that we want the child to learn, not to fail. We find our often used traditional multi-disciplinary system. Let the system respond to the needs of the individual, not the individual to a general system.*

REBECCA A. COMBES, FORTUITOUS, CONSUMPTIVE

• Apparently you do not understand why the "classical" problems of a child's progress in school are used. Numerous times, grades, class rankings, the strap and the cane of failure, all are used as threats to force the child to learn. What many adults do not realize is that it is not necessary to force a child to learn if he is provided with an environment that enables him to learn. Our children have a right to the top of learning and the our public-school system has failed to give them.

WILLIE H. GILLIES, WINDSOR, ONT.

Bull for Britain

In *The Canadian Bull Who Is Scornfully Looking Backwards* (Report), Joe Ruddy says that a Hereford bull, which is a beef breed animal, was tossed over to the British M.B. Marketing Board. Why? Surely it would have been more sensible to have sent a Canadian dairy-bred bull. If this Hereford bull is as good as your article suggests, it seems wonderful to dream of such milk, beefed steers.

W. H. WILSON, WEST MONTREAL

Joe Ruddy replies: *The British Milk Marketing Board deals with beef animals. The British Hereford bulls were chosen by the marketing board and not his program. It contained nothing that*

continued on page 43

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Something is happening here,
But you don't know what it is,
Do you, Mr. Jones? BOB DYLAN

You recall, Mr. Dylan, something is happening — in our schools, our political systems, our churches, our cities — and at times it seems as though the entire North American continent, if not the entire industrialized world, is composed of two nations: the young and the others, the Mr. Jones-people who are vitally aware that something God alone knows what, but something momentous, is moving beneath the plastic-smooth surface of Western civilization.

It isn't just youthful rebellion (against what?). It isn't just the tidal wave of alienation and uncertainty that seems to afflict much of urban, 20th-century man.

It isn't only the fact that the world, as we perceive it, is increasingly being viewed through the distorting lens of the mass media. And it isn't merely the fact that our more subtle institutions, to say nothing of the moral values that lent certainty to other generations, seem to be dissolving before our eyes like overripe marshmallows.

No, it has to be something else, some unifying principle that will help explain all these things suggest to all the Mr. Joneses among us exactly what is happening, and why. For the feeling is growing among millions of ordinary people that, in some new and unexplained way, things are coming apart. Was there ever another time like this, so fearful, so violent, so uncertain? Has there ever been potential loneliness and mass insanity on so vast and frightening a scale?

For the first time in history, predictions of doom are beginning to seem plausible. Population explosion. Space war. Environmental breakdown. These things are now actual possibilities. There are plenty of scientific authorities who seriously doubt the human race can survive another century. We'll either strangle in our own wastes, they say, or perpetrate the species by murdering surplus populations. Truly, things are in a mess.

Hence, we're not writing this in an attempt to depress you. But this does happen to be the season when most people pause to reflect on where they're supposed to be going. It also happens to be the first issue of *Maclean's* in its new (and, we hope you'll agree improved) format. Both occasions, we felt,

justified some thinking about us and the world at large. And if our mutual observations sound gloomy, our conclusions are grimly cheerful.

We say this not merely because it is, after all, the season to be jolly, but because, it seems to us, there are several widely overlooked aspects of our present situation that justify considerable optimism. Taken together these things add up to a working explanation of what, Mr. Jones, is actually happening in Western society.

The first of these is what critic Miss Waps has called the "crisis in national perception." Putting it as bluntly as possible, the idea is that things seem so dreadfully messy because we (or the media) choose to view them that way.

That isn't as Pollyanna as it sounds. There have been periods in our recent history — the Victorian era, the 1950s — when the conventional as well as the unconventional wisdom held that things in general were getting better and better. Why did we need this belief? Mostly because people (especially media people) need a "scenario" to extract some sense from the contradictory events they observe. All of us, in other words, tend to view the public world as drama. We need a plot, a story line, otherwise, how could anyone tell the good guys from the bad guys?

At the moment, however, the scenario has switched; we're naturally in a phase of "dark perception," where we unconsciously tend to place the most pessimistic construction possible on events. The new scenario reads something like this: the world is getting worse because technology is crushing people. Institutions and power structures (the bad guys) are subjugating human beings (the good guys). Last year's Democratic convention in the U.S., coupled with the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia, may have been the denouement of this particular scenario, for it is hard to think of two events that lend themselves to apply to a scenario of power usurping over people.

But events alone don't determine our perception of them. History was a far worse rape than Czechoslovakia. But in 1956 — back when we still believed in "progress" — it was seen as an exception to the rule of progress, rather than as part of a global downward trend.

The media's need for a story-line has sharpened this current mood of pessimism. So has the media's

increasing reach, efficiency and involvement. McLuhan's global village is now more fact than prediction. The news has always consisted of reporting the follies and failures and cruelties of man, not his successes. But now we experience these events with the immediacy of a brawl in the apartment next door. Is it any wonder that to many people, all of them electronic-eye witnesses to Biafra, Chicago and Czechoslovakia, we begin to conclude that change is leading us toward chaos, and not toward the stars?

The concern is not misplaced. But the conclusion, in our view, is not warranted. For what it fails to recognize — and that is what's happening, Mr. Jones — is the birth of a totally new historical phenomenon: the emergence of the individual and his right to self-development, as the determining factor in history.

It's true. At any site it's true enough to serve as a much more adequate scenario than the prevailing pessimism. In this story-line, Czechoslovakia takes on a different meaning, instead of the triumph of naked power over individual aspirations, we can see the extent for what it was: the exposure and humiliation of power by people acting as individuals. And Chicago? Yes, the bullets and the has-beens were the little bit so long they ensured that there will never be another American convention as flagrantly undemocratic as Chicago's — if, indeed, the convention system survives at all. And the universities? Apart from the fringe that dreams of lowering down the achievement-building machine have provisions that are morally legitimate in a world they want relevant in their education. This is nothing new — except that the present generation is wiser on it. This isn't chaos. This is progress of the most meaningful kind — in the direction of mass self-determination for more people. If you insist on a slogan, call it People Power.

What about here at home, where issues are less urgent and passions less extreme? Again, if you're plugged into the People Power scenario you can spot the hopeful indicators. If Trudeau's main intent anything, a stifled demand by people for more involvement in the governing process. Despite certain narrow tendencies, the new government has shown itself responsive to this demand. Remember last autumn when Ottawa decided to ignore the crisis in Biafra? It was People Power that forced the government to

reverse itself and act. Even Paul Hellyer's recent jaunt across the country in search of grain-rot answers to the housing crisis is too helpful a symptom to be dismissed as political window dressing. Anyone who witnessed all those sweet conversations between the housing experts and the unheeded is aware of how potentially valuable such exchanges can be.

The fact is that People Power is rapidly making obsolete most of our notions about the slowness of institutions. It's becoming increasingly difficult for institutions to act against the interests of people, because institutions are people. The Roman Catholic Church, for instance, is no longer a remote entity unto itself, but is painfully transforming itself into a collection of people who agree with the Pope, disagree with the Pope, and try — with God's help — to find their own way. People Power

also forced one American president out of office, and will severely limit the imperialist options of his successor. Even corporations are beginning to change. As John Kenneth Galbraith has pointed out in *The New Industrial State*, big companies are no longer the tools of a few men at the top. Instead, the best of them are beginning to resemble genuine participatory democracies, where goals and policies are determined not by fiat from on high, but by a sort of managerial consensus. This isn't just a happy accident.

Most large companies long ago discovered that decisions are irrevocably irreversible.

People in other words, are beginning to run their own show at last. And this is the real meaning of what's happening: in the chaotic, uncertain world of the 1960s. They're less willing than ever before to accept structures that limit their potential for self-development. And so these structures will change, the world will go on — and there we say, it? — the world will get better. It's a genuine revolution: a revolution in consciousness, a revolution in the way we try to get the most out of, and put the most into, our own lives.

This magazine has reported the changing Canadian scene for more than 60 years, and, as this issue demonstrates, has undergone some fairly dramatic changes itself. For the past half century or so, we've tried to tell Canadians how events affected people. Today our task is the same, but with a new emphasis: we're also reporting how people are increasingly affecting events. That, Mr. Jones, is what's happening. We approve. ☐

The happy emergence of

PEOPLE POWER

It's changing the world more than you know

BY THE EDITORS



WHY THEY CAN'T BURST THE TRUDEAU BALLOON

Canadians went on a political spree last June and elected a prime minister they hardly knew. The image of Pierre Elliott Trudeau has undergone a change since then, from charismatic swinger to tough administrator. How deep a change is it? Maclean's asked three young pop artists to show you how they see the man, and assigned Walter Stewart to report on how the PM runs the show

Before me in the crowded lobby of the Lord Nelson Hotel in Halifax, the mousy lady in the flowered hat stared with ill-concealed emotion, stirred and fidgeted and turned toward the doorway where Canada's Prime Minister was being mobbed by younger and more eager admirers. She pulled her hair, shifted her feet, pursed her lips and betrayed all the signs of a thoroughly turned-on lady. Finally, she would contain herself no longer and, turning to me, a perfect stranger, she gabbled, "I don't care what you say, I think he's marvelous!"

I don't know what provoked this outburst — did I look, even thus, unashamedly stupid, or was it all men, or all reporters, the flower-haired lady was getting at? Certainly the Prime Minister didn't do anything marvelous in Halifax; he finished off some back-lash who tossed him over Canada's straits toward Boston, fended a number of questions at a public meeting and delivered a clutch of political messages to the Nova Scotia Liberal Association at a fund-raising dinner — but none of that was the lady's point. Her point was that the flake the Prime Minister marvelous even if he doesn't work reliably, and I and my screaming wife had better take note.

I'd see that lady's blarney words, uttered in Tiny Nova Scotia, underlie the most remarkable fact about Canada's new Prime Minister: Trudeauism, once thought to be a passing fancy, may become a permanent feature of our political life. Some

last June's election we have been told so often, the notion is becoming embedded in our folklore that Pierre Elliott Trudeau, wifed to power on the stated expectations of the nation, has since turned that expectation to gall and better remembered and in the words of political columnist Douglas Fisher of the Toronto Telegram, "The promise the hope the excitement of May and June are disappearing."

Fisher, the former NDP MP, sees the jolly of Trudeau that keeps the Liberals into office now succeeding, leaving nothing on the beach but a weather-worn garb of Canada. But by any objective assessment, the Prime Minister is stronger today than he was last June. Obviously he has critics but they are mostly those who opposed him from the start.

In fact, more than any politician since Louis St. Laurent, Trudeau has lived up to his advance billing — the billing of both friends and enemies. Those who saw him as a quick, tough, reformist man who could still somehow reach out to soothe the nation, argued his record so far as proof of their predictions; those who dismissed him as an reflexible, autocratic rascalocracy, are equally certain that his every move since last April's leadership convention grows their point.

Consider for a moment a gross misdeed of comment from some of the onlookers whom Maclean's asked to assess the Prime Minister's performance so far.

□ Mrs. Glen Maclearen, NDP MP for Vancouver-Kingsway: "He's very

able, very arrogant, very reticent — Monsieur King with him."

□ Gerald Ragan, Nova Scotia Liberal leader: "I've just been tremendously impressed. I didn't support him for the leadership because I didn't know him. That was unfortunate, perhaps. I thought he was too much of a swinger for Nova Scotia. (Just) he's businesslike, efficient, not dynamic, not radical."

□ David Lewis, NDP Parliamentary Leader and MP for York South: "The man is extraordinarily cautious in all his policies both international and domestic. He really has no patience with the unreasonably time-consuming bureaucratic processes a ruling administration."

□ William Kilbourn, history professor at York University, Toronto, and one of the first audiences to em-

JAIN BAXTER'S TRUDEAU ►

"After making this 'Newsweek Trudeau' what more can I say about the man? It's better than life, you see. Now it's up to style is what it is, it's in party with it. In other words, you can have direct contact with Canada's source of power."

"You can control inflation?" Baxter made this one last prototype of the Trudeau "Newsweek" for a limited release he plans to sell for \$15 through N. B. Chang Co., 1419 Brimley Drive, North Vancouver, BC.

Baxter was born in England in 1936. He has exhibited in galleries across Canada and Europe.



trace Trudeau's candidacy last year "we're delighted." The main thing is that here is one of the most intelligent and responsible people in the nation in a position to lead it."

The striking aspect of these statements is that they agree on Trudeau's political characteristics — caution, pragmatism, high-mindedness — and though the ministers naturally place different priorities on these traits, all of which were evident, though not emphasized, in the Trudeau of riots and chaos, Canada elected last June.

There are, of course, two Trudeaus — the averaging side of things and the cool detached and evenly rated political pro. When the Prime Minister ran to speak in the Throne Speech debate, three well-dressed, middle-aged women in the public gallery went into squealing applause and drew the instant, startled attention of the House of Commons as a whole. There, one is a Trudeau would through the dullest oration, since Mackenzie King, the young women find the chamber. I followed, to see if they were disappointed in their idol.

Not a bit, they thought he was groovy.

But his speech didn't they find it dull?

"Oh, that. That was politics." It is because of this quality that Trudeau appears to be giving Canada what we have always wanted, a stylish leader admired and feared across the border (during the U.S. presidential race, *New Republic* carried a column full advertisement that read: "Nixon? Humphrey? Don't embarrass your bumper 'Trudeau' bumper stickers — two for \$1.00") and a leader who, at the same time, reflects the basic conservatism of Canadians. Here is a political leader who can do the Frog or a full-figure a fairytale prince who slips out of his castle at 24 Sussex Drive and pops up unannounced at a theatre in Toronto, a ball in Montreal, a wedding in Ottawa. Here, one is a fiscally sound, graciously dull House of Commons member who can tell a whole household of Canadians into modesty and respect. At last the two is one political vehicle, enough as a motorcycle, safe as a sedan.

Of the two Trudeaus, the public, groovy one has dominated our usage of the man to date; perhaps now is the time to look at the political pragmatist.

A statement of the Prime Minister's pragmatism may be found in the way

the Liberals obtained a program for the federal election. When Trudeau became party leader he had no discernible platform, and no time to fashion one before he plunged the nation into an election campaign, so the task was taken up in Ottawa by a committee of executive ministers in which the dominant figure was Bill Lee, Transport Minister. Paul Hellyer's right-hand man. Lee's committee simply reverse the platform drafted for the Transport Minister during the leadership contest, and submitted the result to the cabinet. There, it was slanted to a program committee chaired by — you guessed it — Paul Hellyer, and was accepted. The end result was an 84-page Red Book of government which became the Liberal election platform. Lee was put aboard Trudeau's campaign plane to check speeches against the official policy which he, naturally, knew better than the Prime Minister's speech writers.

If pragmatism is Trudeau's first political rule, change is his second. The most obvious difference between the Pearson and Trudeau administrations — with many of the same members — has been the pragmatic air of order on the cheerful chaos of the Pearson years.

Trudeau reconstructed the cabinet



replacing a score of standing and temporary committees that wielded varying degrees of influence with eight full-time committees, each with clearly defined responsibilities. (Four of the committees are responsible for developing policy, four for co-ordinating programs.) Cabinet meetings, which in Pearson's day were the air of a fraternal public-school class with the minister absent, have come under a new order of discipline that extends from such minor matters as personally assigned chairs for each minister, to each member's presence in a fixed agenda meticulously pursued under the Prime Minister's demanding chairmanship.

[Not that the Prime Minister is entirely new personnel. During one early cabinet meeting he remarked that a new member was not saying much and the member replied that he didn't want to speak out of turn until he knew more about cabinet. A few days later, Trudeau invited the man to dinner and awarded him his views were wanted; he has since become one of the most vocal members of the administration.]

Pearson's government was often split by open disagreements; it was also so weak with leaks that when Pearson complained of a morning cabinet meeting about confidential discussion getting to the press, his complaint made that evening's edition of the Ottawa newspapers. Trudeau's reaction was to announce that he would fire any minister who leaked, or who publicly denounced government policy. The officially new is to reconcile these restrictions with the Prime Minister's other stated aim of promoting wide debate of public issues.

Robert Andrus, a Minister Without Portfolio attached to Indian Affairs, openly criticized Indian Affairs Minister Jean Chrétien for not consulting the natives before he revamped his department. The disagreement was raised in the Commons and Trudeau noted mildly that the chain of command obviously flowed from Chrétien down to Andrus, not the other way around. Fortunately, however, the Prime Minister brought Andrus sharply to heel, and let the press know he had done so, in order that the point would not be lost on other matters. Andrus will not say out of line again, but it is hard to see how his silence will promote intelligent discussion of the many problems that face Canadian Indians.

For all its stiffness, the Pearson



CATHY SENITY HARRISON'S TRUDEAU

"I think Trudeau's like the Kennedy were in the U.S. He's a public person. He's got class. Real character. He's mysterious, not that old grandfather image any more. He couldn't possibly live next door. Trudeau's won up there where you can't reach him. It just happened that I portrayed him this way. If I analyzed it, I might add nuances that aren't there. I want my own bias for Trudeau's lead, but only because when I cut it off I saved it to use some day."

Cathy Senity-Harrison was born in Rochester, N.Y. in 1945. She has exhibited in the Royal Albert in Buffalo and The Art Gallery of Ontario.

GREG GURNE'S TRUDEAU

"I tend to get Trudeau in the context of Mackenzie King's policy — there are few changes in Canadian policy. Mackenzie King fought British influence while the Americans brought up this country. I like Canada the way it is — in its independence. The more independent we are, the freer we are, and we become less in with American control. Diefenbaker was a conservative, I admire him for that. Trudeau was just cut away from the U.S. It's to everybody's advantage to foster non-Americanism in this country."

Gurman was born in 1936. He's exhibited in major galleries across the country.



4TRUDEAU government produced a tremendous flow of ideas as heeding his administration. Trudeau has taken a deliberate decision to concentrate on implementing those ideas before tackling up any new ones. There is no Disfetter's Vase or 60 Days of Deceit to grapple the 24th Parliament, instead, there is a four-year plan to raise costs to pay for programs already under way before setting out new goals. If this four-year plan works, naturally, Trudeau's government will be in a position to offer new, vote-winning legislation just in time for another election.

And Trudeau has moved to revitalize the party, largely through personal contact. Nova Scotia Liberal leader Gerald Regan was assembled when, a few days after the leadership convention, Trudeau phoned to ask for Regan's views on party problems in Nova Scotia. "In those times, Pierre was once captured in a phone call to me," said Regan. "Trudeau visited me to dinner." He went.

"You always get a big tag in the party after an election," Liberal National Director Allan O'Brien told me. "but it didn't happen this time. We've got so many people screaming, 'Send me in, coach,' that we don't know what the hell to do with them all."

A series of separate hearings is being organized to deal with local problems and raise questions and concerns along to Ottawa. "The idea," said O'Brien, "is to shake the hell out of us."

When core parties tumbled across western Ontario last fall, the campaign was taken up not only by the Opposition Tory MPs, but by a committee of cabinet, caucus and federal-party officials. In the end, the government seemed to win. U.S. businessmen dumping their cars in Canada at below-cost prices.

This new wave of participation has not yet reached the average Liberal backbencher, who may be asked for his opinion more often under the Trudeau regime than formerly, but has no greater feeling that it is likely to prevail.

"I give the men full marks for trying," said James G. Lind, Liberal MP for Middlesex, Ont. "But as far as the government is concerned, the mere role of the backbencher is still just to be a voting entity." Lind tried to get to get an appointment with Trudeau.

Certainly it is not in his relations with MPs that Trudeau shows this performance in the Commons has been uneven, his manner is the great change in personality detected and once disdained. Terry House Leader

Gerrit Baldwin complained, "He has the same attitude as De Gaulle — he is that he was elected and he's going to govern. Parliament is something he has to put up with but he's going to do as much as he can to make the house, sensible by ignoring the Opposition."

Baldwin cites Trudeau's desire to limit the appearance of most cabinet members for Question Period to three days a week. The change was made at a time when all aspects of parliamentary reform were under discussion by an advisory committee, and informed Baldwin. "There was no discussion," he fumed. "The thing was simply done."

"If there was no discussion," replied Marc Lalonde, Trudeau's chief of staff and top policy adviser, "that was because Baldwin had already said he would never agree. What is the purpose of discussion when they say, 'Never in my life'?" The question was, were we going to do the thing or not?"

Lalonde can speak with authority because of another change imposed by Trudeau — the enlargement and upgrading of the Prime Minister's personal staff. Where Lester Pearson had four hired assistants of varying degrees of skill and training, Trudeau has a staff of 26, seven of them lawyers, who share his extensive duties. Most Opposition MPs applaud the strengthening of the prime ministerial staff to free the government leader of interference detail, but most add the rider that there is a danger in vesting too much power in the hands of his assistants under One cabinet minister has already complained of being sidetracked by an aide armed with the executive list. The Prime Minister responds: "If the Prime Minister has anything from him, the minister suggested, he should make the request himself."

I put this complaint to Lalonde, who replied, "I may have placed someone myself to try. The Prime Minister would like this or that," or, "I have been asked to tell you such and such. If people can't work under that sort of system, it's not bad, because I have art 24 ministers and rely on my Prime Minister."

Nevertheless, Lalonde says, "I have emphasized to all the staff that we sit out here to replace MPs and certainly not to replace ministers."

It is significant that Lalonde, a brilliant Montreal lawyer, should be Trudeau's chief policy adviser. Lalonde began his Ottawa career as special assistant to Conservative Justice Minister David Fulton, and Trudeau's selection so far have certainly been conservative. (He last one former Tory

cabinet member told a colleague advantage not long ago. "This case can't make a wrong move.")

The spending cuts, the emphasis on fiscal integrity and the first budget all emphasize what Ottawa economist John M. Horvath wrote of the Prime Minister. "In all ways, he is a real radical that Mr. Pearson and appears less so than either Mr. Stelard or Mr. Desjardis."

Well, it was almost startling to see another social Trudeau cheered by the Chamber of Commerce in Calgary for a so-called, cut-the-pending speech as it was to see him based in Regina by university students. Trudeau, the apostle of open confrontation, went so far as to rebuke the Regina students, who wanted more money for loans, because they failed to forward their complaint through the proper channels. This brought the first salute from the Toronto Globe and Mail that "men who accept the evidence of the hearing must sometimes be prepared to fight the bull."

The students, and a great many left-wing academics, have professed disappointment because they thought this government would be more progressive in social and economic affairs, but Professor William Kilbourn of York University argues, "We grant you're to read your own social views onto Trudeau and then fault him for not carrying them out."

Not to what this transformation has occurred among Canada's left, says one liberal, looks to NDP economist John Murray in Toronto during a City Hall square decision rally. Trudeau made a short, somewhat speech as urban problems, and Murray asked a young man in the audience what the Prime Minister had said. She replied with a loud catalogue of Canada's housing ill and a series of personal salutes.

"Did you really hear him say that?" the young Murray asked.

"No," the man replied firmly, "but he would have, given enough time."

That was bound to be disappointed by Trudeau's performance in his first six months, but he does not represent any of the real sources of his political strength. That comes from three groups — romanians like my flower-haired lady in Halifax, who support Trudeau for his style, enthusiasm, wholeness of every political action who applied his firm stand on French-English relations, and the solid core of Canadians who respond to his pragmatic, cautious political stance because it matches their own.

On the record so far, none of these groups has serious cause for complaint. □

EDITH WALLIS MINDS EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

And every Thursday she shares the news with fishermen, farmers, townsmen and villagers up and down the salt-sprayed coast where Canada started. She owns and edits the weekly Digby, Nova Scotia, Courier, which tells it like it is — or most of it.

BY ALAN EDMONDS

Photos by Hans Ehrlert

Verne Cassin, who used to help Edith Wallis run the Digby Courier, says the best example of her professional sense of fairness was her editorial stance when the oil got into Digby's water means the year before last. They came from the lake, then the town's main water supply, and probably got in when quarry and grew up in the main without actually polluting the water until an oil — half an oil, actually — was found blocking animals' lips.

"It was a bad situation," says Cassin. "An oil-spill-down river weekly trying to cut it as Edith began a great editorial campaign and for a while people could have been saying, 'At last, we're getting the truth' but in the long haul, Edith's approach was the right one. She took the view that it was regrettable but probably unavoidable and just presented the facts as the public could make up its own mind."

Digby is a lovely town on the northwest shore of Nova Scotia; it borders on Digby Bay, part of the Bay of Fundy, and is near the site of the first agricultural settlement in Canada, Port Royal (now Annapolis Royal), heart of Acadia. Digby and its satellite Annapolis farming and logging villages have been served by the Courier (Thursday 10 cents, circulation 3,375) since 1874 when it was founded by an immigrant Scottish printer. Edith Wallis is the present owner and editor.

Above all else Edith Wallis is a gentle woman and, being gentle, fiercely determined to be fair to everyone. She is also intelligent, charming, a good manager, sticks almost all the time and says mean-spirited with her own charity and say other that talks, since she



The Courier's 40 regular correspondents supply the honey sort of news that's as satisfying to readers as a letter from Aunt Emily



Mo Dallas, 60, there with husband (left) is the Courier's senior correspondent; she's been writing her news from Coveville, a fishing village along Digby Neck, for 18 years. "There's not much crime and we don't find a fox in two years and I love it," she says.

The 71-year-old newspaper man doesn't mind working on which side of the job printing is done. The old press is impressive, and we know it had it long enough to live it despite its faults," say printers.



Alfred Williams, the 62-year-old printer in the village of Cove, is the Courier's only male correspondent. "I don't expect press" he says.



she says. "I just fell into running the Courier. I think it's important that people should have the facts presented fairly, and get the chance to make up their own minds."

Digby Mayor Glen South agrees that "Edith never sacks her sack out." Others make the same point, though not as a criticism. Her former assistant, Victor Carden, says, "Edith walks a tightrope. It's all very well to say you must crusade and let the heads fall where they will. But Edith has to survive. The Courier was here 10 years ago, it's here now and it will be here in 10 years' time. Remember that the definition of successful journalism depends on whose is judged."

And besides, Digby isn't the sort of town where radical journalism is common.



A Courier reader, Fulham Mrs. Dorothy Butler, at White Cove, writes the news and few papers to earn a living from Digby.

Digby has a Negro school in the village of Jordanville and Amherstville just outside town. The people are poor, the houses are poor, but the area is now has a regular place in the Courier's column by way of the rural news written weekly by Mrs. Dorothy Butler.

made it's a conservative community whose half dozen residential streets water down a hill to the harbor and the bay where the French set up Canada's first agrarian settlement in 1665. Digby's population today is about the same as it was at the turn of the century, when prosperous traders built magnificent Victorian mansions on the hillside, all mansions and capotas and carriages, aquapier windows, and which today are mostly apartments.

The town's preoccupations are surviving the fishing fleet and the surrounding communities. Decreasingly, it does business with the Annapolis Royal naval base nearby. During the war there were 10,000 sailors there, a fact that prompted the national newspaper *Flash* to declare that Digby was "The Sex City of the Maritimes." Digby is dry and the only place where sailors can drink is the Lagoon Club, and only if their service identification cards show they are over 21. Otherwise, Chris Chiswell, who sells stationery, says that for a while he couldn't understand why he had a big run to liquid ink crates. Then he discovered that anti-aircraft sailors were trying to change the ink data on their identification cards. "It sounds ridiculous, but I had to ban the sale of ink crates to sailors," he says. Canada's Coast Guard is part of local life. Typically, one read "Wanted" — crewmembers. Excessive unnecessary. This revolution now graces the shop doorway.

As well as doing his share of the reporting, Lee Everett helps academics write the ads he collects for the town. He's a disclaimer and furiously energetic bachelor in his late 20s who began working for the *Courier* as a Linotype operator. He is given to making little jokes. Once he finished writing a column of *Back River* stories with the line, "The End of Bear River — Thank God." He expected the printers to spot and remove the line, but they didn't. At least, they didn't until 2 a.m. on Thursday morning, by which time 300 papers had been printed and there was barely enough paper left to finish the press run. The joke was stopped and the slug of type removed. Everett was heated out of bed and Mrs. Wallis put him to work with a ballpoint pen coming out the offending words. "The End of Bear River — Thank God," is the 300 papers already printed. "We sent those papers to subscribers in the States," says Mrs. Wallis. "There was less risk



"Some editors feel they must be the power around town," says Edith Wallis. "I don't. I feel people can make their own judgments."

of offending them." Everett may also have been partly of the headline: "Digby Town Based on Sexual Bias." Covering the latter out-of-town events provides Mrs. Wallis and Everett with periodic stings through the *Courier* territory, encouraging correspondents and handing out stationery. On one such trip last fall, Mrs. Wallis ran for Claret on the South Shore, which is across St. Mary Bay from The Neck. At a dinner in Claret that evening they were choosing the *Bransford* and Gabriel to provide over the local *Atlantic Festival*.

On the way down she stopped by Jordenstown one of two Negro villages on the fingers of Digby where the descendants of refugees who traveled the slave railway still live in their own kind. Jordenstown Road. The former houses are basically no worse than in white villages, but are unpainted, largely unrenovated and mostly set in unkept parks.

There's no overt discrimination: if Digby has done little to help Negroes, it has also apparently done little to harm them. The Jordenstown sales of correspondent Mrs. Dorothy Bailey, wife of a handyman, stir up in the *Courier* along with those from some white villages. The contrast is similar, so "It's mostly people visiting," says Mrs. Bailey. "I see them in the street and I know everybody, so I write it up. I don't put weddings and funerals in, but sometimes I put in about the church or the Scouts or the community centre." At the centre, some adults, says Mrs. Bailey, are now taking grade-one lessons. "So they can read and write their own names."

At Claret, shortly before the dance and the closing of *Evangeline* and Gabriel, the explained to Albert McInnes, the 62-year-old postmaster and the *Courier's* solitary male correspondent, that she would cover the dance herself. McInnes doesn't report social events — "except," he calls them, "I did only in real cases," he says. "Board of Trade or the service club or like a house burning down or someone getting hurt. I don't cover politics, that way I keep out of difficulties — they tell me their politics seriously around here. I try to send in something every week because I like to keep the area before the public. It's difficult. I don't have much spare time and I've got to be in the mood for writing. Otherwise I would do a medicine job. I'm a correspondent for another weekly paper and I send them the same things as the *Courier*. But the *Courier* is a good paper. It's improving all the time. There doesn't seem to be as much gap as there was."

Evangeline and her beau, Gabriel, turned out to be slightly gawky 15-year-olds. The emcee announced that Mrs. Bailey of the Digby *Courier* would take a photograph, which she did with the other Polaroid camera. And on the way back to Digby she expanded in her philosophy of newspapering. "I don't want you to think I sit on the fence because I lack the courage of my convictions," she said. "Some editors feel they must be the power around town. I don't. The *Courier* stands for justice in the community, but I don't think are just as every intelligent people in the world as there are intelligent editors, and they can make their own judgments. I do express my own opinion, and I've fought for things. But I try to do so as a writer that gives other people room to disagree with me."

They're solid sentiments, and she seems to put them into practice. But, as Victor Carleton puts it, "Edith has her crosses to bear." One of them is probably the previous — man, woman? — who sent me a letter after I left Digby. It contained a clipping of a Wallis editorial which at one point said: "Editorially we are not doctrinaire and don't mind saying so." The words were underlined. Is the margin was written.

"Wouldn't it be nice if this was true? She doesn't fool us — did she? Just you!" □

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SOME OF
THE BEST PEOPLE
SMOKE

POT

BY JON RUDDY

THE INTERVIEWS THAT follow may shock you or touch you or make you mad or make you laugh. They will make you think. We have all heard that marijuana, once the "noxious," "crippling" and "degrading" preserve of criminals, jazz musicians, delinquents and, latterly, hippies, has shown a tremendous upward mobility in the last few years. This is true. It's no pipe dream — it's here. The virtues and dangers of marijuana are debatable but its wide acceptance is obvious. Many of my acquaintances, in the silly lexicon of this underground revolution, "turn on" and profess to believe that doing so is harmless as well as wonderfully pleasant. I don't know any criminals, jazz mu-

sicians, delinquents or hippies. I do know a lawyer who says, "Half the law students in the country smoke pot. It is just a matter of time until our legal institutions are composed mainly of pot-heads. Do you think it will be illegal then?"

Most marijuana users in the middle and professional classes expect that it will be legalized with solid public support. I had no trouble finding a gallery of them, and I discovered that they were anxious to talk about themselves. They asked for anonymity, of course, but they weren't frightened. The simple fact is, they smoke with impunity. Police, in resolutely confining their investigations to intractable youth,

POT

continued

have not only failed to check pot's upward mobility, they have failed to grasp it. "I think we have pretty good control of the problem," says the head of a 20-man RCMP drug section in Toronto. He adds that, of the more than 320 Toronto marijuana arrests up to November of last year, not one involved a member of the professional classes. "No arrests have ever been made, to my knowledge, of professional people."

It's a safe bet that no one is ever going to arrest the Toronto lawyer who likes to take a stroll in Barbican Phillips Square as her lunch hour-puffing pot (Source: another lawyer, who also smokes). No one is likely to ask the poster whose face is the flow of the Toronto Stock Exchange (Source: a psychologist at the Ontario Hospital at 999 Queen Street West). No one is going to look in the front door of a big house in Vancouver's Shaughnessy Heights where a wealthy hostess offers marijuana from a hand-carved silver cigarette box (Source: a 33-year-old student at Simon Fraser University who is the son of a vice-president of a large company). "These cigarettes are machine-made and filtered," he says. "You don't get any back bits of grass in your mouth. It's very elegant."

The biggest convicts of these newly typed pot smokers are in Vancouver and Toronto, although Montreal, Winnipeg and several other cities have their share. The smokers are mostly in their 20s and 30s, affluent, unmarried and appeared to do nothing to promote the legalization of marijuana, short of riding the seven-year pat laws they could still conceivably get for possession. Most of them are in disprag of blazes and the quasi-religious euphoria of pot smoking as they use of the law. "I have no sympathy for the Yorkville hippies who get buzz," says a lawyer. "Let them live in the Island ghettos. I don't care and myself is disprag. I know it is not going to find The Way through marijuana. It's good, that's all." If the smokers have anything else in common it seems to be a certain glances and self-indulgence. An RCMP officer asked me, "How do you know they're

not kidding you?" A better question might be, how do they know they're not kidding themselves? But who can really say whether they're right or wrong, deluded co-pouts at the perpetual champions of a better, safer, cheaper and more painless crash than alcohol?

THE LAWYER SMOKES POT

The first time I used it, I realized why marijuana is illegal," says Paul, a hard-driving 34-year-old Toronto lawyer. "Because it's just so damned good." He had some very a friend about a year ago, then overcame his wife's fears and turned her on. They now share a pipe of marijuana about twice a week.

"The effects are different every time," Paul says. "I usually first notice a mild hallucination. My wife Susan seems so weird. There is a similar feeling at the back of the neck. There is a mild and pleasant vertigo. There is some visual distortion. I get a buoyant, youthful feeling. I really feel about 12 when I turn on. Things seem funny and I laugh a lot. Sometimes I get terribly thirsty, but that might be just from the smoking. A friend of mine will often drink two quarts of milk when he turns on. And they have called it the killer drug! Or you can get hungry. One night at 4 a.m. my wife and I made an enormous Swiss fondue and ate it all. We were both as lean as kites. That's the only thing she will do. I don't like food. I—she's little and watches her weight. It affects taste in funny ways. Some things like cold, fresh fruit taste fantastic. But a glass of wine right before going. You never know. Music seems clearer. I can follow controversial music like Rush more easily, whereas straight I'd likely hear it virtually as melody and harmony. Rhythmic dances are much better. I'm a heavy smoker but when I'm high I dance very well. Anyone who says it is a mild depressant is crazy. It stimulates you in the same way as when you get away on a trip and forget your day-to-day baggage."

Paul has evolved a certain self-discipline about how he smokes. "I would never drive when I'm high or

go to work high. I know lawyers who do and I disapprove. On the other hand, I think it's probably better than going to the office, drunk. I know a computer programmer who will sometimes stay high for weeks. He says he can work effectively, but it's hard to believe. I think it's probably possible to become psychologically dependent on the stuff. That's why I only turn on twice a week. Also, you want to have time to appreciate it. I work long hours, sometimes at night. We tend to devote spare time to it, as if we were going to a movie. It seems to be compatible with relaxation. I don't think I'll ever see it to calm someone. It might work, but I just don't think it's the right time. If I'm home I might have a drink with dinner or a glass or two of wine. The beauty of pot is that it's so different from beer. There seems to be no prior you have to get. It's not poisoned like liquor. I mean, you never get sick. That's never any hangover. I've never felt a single adverse effect from pot physically, nor do I know anybody who has."

He says the use of marijuana is so common among the young middle class "that it can be ignored." He is acquainted with pot-smoking lawyers, architects, writers, photographers, businessmen, musicians, doctors and dentists. He himself buys it in bulk—usually a pound for \$200 to \$300—and deals it to his friends at no markup, keeping a few ounces for himself. "Two ounces would make 25 people and last me three months." Paul's smoker is an insurance executive. "I understand he gets it from a guy he went to college with, a really big distributor who brings in 50 or 50 pounds. It's probably from Mexico. I don't ask questions."

THE PROFESSOR SMOKES POT

Sometimes an 11-year-old boy pot. Grubman, a 46-year-old Vancouver university professor and the father of six, was delivered at 1950. "The three older children, teenagers, all use it when my wife and I do," he says, looking in a fatherly way at the family club. "That's only about once a month—it's a somewhat dysfunctional family



Photo: John Deane

POT

continued

I wasn't sure about the younger boys, but the other kids pulled me into it. I let my kids have a glass of wine with their meals — the liquor laws are crazy — so why not a joint? I don't think the 13-year-old got a real high. I hope I haven't done her any harm."

Conduct, who is small and energetic-looking, buys his marijuana from contacts in other children have established. He started smoking it after use of his parents, at the end of 1986. "I was talking about ingested thought processes involving the imagination. Four kids who were obviously stoned came in to inform. I could see that they were the only ones who were getting something out of the lecture."

He says that six out of 10 of his faculty colleagues endorse. "Sometimes I think getting stoned is a state we could learn to flip into," he says. "I think we use pot as a trigger to get there now, but maybe we don't need it. When I was it I recognize more easily to things like noise, taste, smells. And once or twice it has made a believe difference to an evening of teaching. It seems to give me all the advantages of youth to go with the advantages of age that I've already got. A couple of my girls reckon that they have achieved a sort of telepathic communication with pot. One thinks she could make something the other was making. I never experience wild things like that, but my wife does. It has made things very good for my wife."

THE DOCTOR SMOKE POT

At Toronto's Central Library a book called *Wreck of Canada and the Northern Giant* is well-thumbed at page 27. That's where there is a botanist's description of Cannabis sativa, the hemp or marijuana plant. A tall, rough stem, leaves to 40, with densely serrated, finger-shaped leaves and tiny greenish flowers, hemp was once grown in Canada and the US as a source of fibre for rope. It still grows as a weed in many locations. Author F. H. Montgomery states that plants growing in the far north "are probably of no value" as a source of marijuana. But he may be wrong about

that. At any rate, some very fine buds have been discovered by finding the hemp plant, with cultivating it in flower pots, gardens and rural lots, and with harvesting its small top leaves, flowers and stems.

Among them is a Toronto general practitioner who stills here he knows as Dr. LaRiffa. A scholarly bachelor in his mid-30s, he has been smoking pot for seven years. He started at college. He says it is neither habit-forming nor addictive, "has usually increased diversion." In his analytic way, Dr. LaRiffa has acquired a considerable fund of information about his long-time interest. Sometimes he will drive through the southern Ontario countryside looking for it. He has also taken to growing it at home. The procedure, he says, is simple. "The marijuana you buy contains seeds. About half of them will germinate in warm water. Then you plant them in sandy loam—fluke, not cedar—and make them shine with plant food. They should sprout in about six months. Meanwhile, they are a rather odd house plant. The root structure seems to be such that you can grow a big plant in a 10-inch pot. When it's ready for harvest you can dry the tops in an oven for 30 minutes at 250 degrees or in a food dehydrator in a crockery bag. I've had home-grown pot with friends and found it just potent than the imported stuff, but quite pleasant. It is my ambition to grow enough for my own use."

This discussion stemmed from a recent and enlightening experience. Dr. LaRiffa attended a convention in New York and came home with several ounces of marijuana in his backpack. He had a lot to carry off the plane and before going through customs asked a colleague to give him a hand. The colleague took the backpack. Dr. LaRiffa went through first and subsequently headed for the door. He was horrified to hear his friend, who didn't know what he was carrying, make a little joke. "Hey, isn't your bag of marijuana?" he called, holding up Dr. LaRiffa's bag of marijuana. The customs inspector looked up, startled. "No, no, no," he said, after a second or two.

THE PSYCHOLOGIST SMOKE POT

Tracy Vines, who plays drums in a college band and smokes pot regularly because it is cheaper than beer. First, as fact. The lead guitarist had a friend in Tipton who sent it up half-potential. "I've got him. Tracy told it — when he was high he left it in his car in good as Great Knap — but he forgot all about it, he says after the band broke up. A year ago, Tracy, now a Vancouver psychologist of 35, a well-bred individual with grey-flecked shoulders, tried marijuana again at a party at the house of a doctor friend. He loved it.

"Most of half my friends use it," he says. "It's ridiculously easy to get. I know maybe six people I can get it from at any time. Friends offer you grass or a drink now, the way at Canada offers you tea, coffee or milk. I am accustomed with about a dozen dollars and four of us get stoned more or less regularly. What do I get out of it? It adds another dimension to my thinking that wasn't there before. When I'm stoned it seems as if my mind is working on live or an abstract. I know it's just what I believe at the time and maybe can't really happen. But that's what's important, isn't it? What I believe, I mean."

Last winter, Tracy went to a ski resort near Vancouver with a friend. "The first night we met a couple of girls, secretaries, and asked them out for a drink and they said, 'Look, why don't you come up to our hotel room and have one?' It sounds horrible, but it was very innocent and pleasant. Later that week I met a husband and he had some stuff, and we went back to her club and smoked it through one of those water pipes, but we used water instead of water."

THE PSYCHIATRIST DOESN'T SMOKE POT

Dr. Steven Lerman is a Vancouver psychiatrist who does not smoke marijuana. As if that were not enough, his views on pot patients and certain users — but not the drug itself — are strongly qualified. "I take the occasional drink and weed with meals, but I don't use marijuana," he says. "It's

continued on page 40

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MAILBAG from page 14

No need to strike

It's been some time since I have seen an editorial more concise and to the point than *Our Government Wages War All Night*. I can only hope that it will have the most favorable reaction from those we elected to govern us, and who should by now have realized that the "right" to strike at the end service has turned to an abuse of the public's rights. — KIMBERLY, COXS OF LANC, ONT.

Voice for People Out There

Could TV critic Douglas Marshall's CASPOF (Canadian Association Supporting People Out There) become a reality, with membership cards and a radio spreading across Canada? Such a group could provide to program directors and advertisers tangible evidence of how well liked or disliked their programs are. — CHARLES H. MORGAN, RICHMOND, ONT.

Thank tank

Be There Mrs. West To Drink Lake Erie — I was reminded of a little song my mother used to sing when I was a small boy in the 1930s:

*They are going to drink Lake Erie
They are going to start in June
And when they get done
You can tell by the sun*

There'll be a shadow on the Moon
Surely some way can be found to save this beautiful lake. Now about the stop the release of pollutants and keep the bottom of the lake stirred up by pumping enormous quantities of air into the depths and bubbling it up.
— MARY, TORONTO, ONTARIO, CANADA

Keep the new thinking coming to us! The article presented the validity needed to carry this land into its future, to prevent its being:
— RAY, SCARBOROUGH, ONTARIO, CANADA

New Left: inexplicable explained

Where have all the New Left children gone from your editorial? You editorialized *A Stranger, Inexplicable Strides From The New Left* sounds like an after-dinner speech at a Montmartre Association banquet. You assume that members of the New Left were duped by Soviet propaganda, simply because they did not demonstrate before the Soviet embassy. They knew that paradise could only learn Dabok's cause, you don't beg a weak, defenseless friend completely under a bully's control by endorsing the bully. What's more, the New Left believed that, if East-West Cold War tensions could be eased by our chief foe, the U.S., withdrawing from Vietnam, a further thawing might take place. They believed they might have influence over a friend, whereas they had none over Russia, an opponent enemy. None, of course, they are angry at lack of power, frustrated because the Soviet Union was Vietnam as justification for at least to an extent for her own aggression, and discouraged because it would stress the Cold War despondency is reflecting — SARAH P. BARNES, VICTORIA, B.C.



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WHAT HAPPENS WHEN A WHIZ KID GROWS UP?

Geoff Conway was one of those three "whiz kids" who helped draft Walter Gordon's 1963 budget. He's still behind the scenes—still trying to reform Canada's economy

BY ALEXANDER ROSS

Geoff Conway is probably the nation's ultimate accountant: a sort of mercenary, fan's compass who spends his life trafficking in data that is hot, big and remunerable to a host of us, cost-efficiency runs against its taste, tax yields capital gains and otherwise. He even runs his life on a cost-efficiency basis. He spends a lot of time in traffic jams, which is wasteful. So he carries a little portable dialing machine with him, and spits out several hundred words of notes every day between his house and the office. He also carries little lists of problems around with him. When he has a few minutes to waste (waiting in a lecture, say, or going to the bathroom) he takes out one of his little lists and with that prelatinal precision that has made him famous in economic circles, he reads.

There would be no reason to remark upon these relentlessly mercenary virtues except that Conway, who is now a special lecturer at the University's School of Administrative Studies, has probably had more behind-the-scenes involvement with Canada's economic policy than the combined machinations of General Motors and the Arpa Corporation. While still a graduate student at Harvard, he helped draft Walter Gordon's famous 1963 budget (which alone toppled the government). As a senior researcher for the Centre for Policy Alternatives on tax reform, he helped draft a document that brightened the daylight out of nearly every sector of the Canadian business Establishment—a document, moreover, that was such a brilliant intellectual achievement that Harvard now gives a summer course on its findings. He was also one of a small team of volunteer experts who worked out the principles and procedures that are now the guts of the Canada Pension Plan. And, of course,

way's research studies provided valuable ammunition supporting the Watkins Committee report, the current bible of Canadian economic nationalism. Finally, as a spinoff from the Watkins deal, he has completed yet another study whose conclusions, in their own, fairly way, are startling enough to justify polite revolutions within every stock exchange in Canada.

The impact of these studies has been much more important than their initial recognition might suggest. There is probably no nation on earth that now possesses such detailed and practical blueprints for economic reform. Because the methods that Carter and Watkins devoted for implementing their own recommendations were so practical, and because the data supporting their conclusions is so accessible, these blueprints are going to be difficult, perhaps impossible, to ignore forever. Already in last September's budget, Finance Minister Edgar Benson moved toward several of Carter's recommendations.

The studies in which Conway has been involved tend to reinforce each other. His study of the Watkins Committee and the TSE for instance, stamped forward the myth that Canadians are cautious investors. The reason Canadians own so little of their own country, his figures demonstrate, is that large institutions—insurance companies, mutual funds, pension funds—are grabbing off more of the available stocks, thus creating a serious supply shortage for small investors. The figures show, he says, "that even if all the big private companies like Esso's and all the big U.S. subsidiaries like General Motors, were to sell out quarter of their shares to Canadians, there still wouldn't be enough equity to meet the demand." In other words, we just can't afford to

buy back Canada, if only the rules were altered to allow us to do so—which is precisely what Walter Gordon has been saying for years. And what about Carter's infamous proposal for taxing unearned stock profits? "Well," says Conway with a vague little smile, "now that we've documented that there's a serious equity shortage, it's going to be pretty tough for Ray Stene to argue that a capital-gains tax will drive investors out of the market, isn't it?"

So what Conway has been doing for the past eight years is his ongoing actuarial way, in helping to assemble a package of statistical arguments which if their implications were accepted by business and government, would transform this country's economy into a vastly more relaxed, and somewhat more sovereign, entity.

Conway has managed all this at 35 because he is, quite simply, a fanatic. Two hundred years ago," says one of his former colleagues, "he would have made an ideal Jesus. He's got the eyes for it."

In fact, Conway's eyes are remarkable. They are black and sharp, and they glint with an intensity that, when he tries to explain something—Ray Stene's reaction, say, to some tax measure he dreamed up—the words come spitting out faster and faster, rank upon rank of them like little soldiers, his eyes now with a carbol-violet shine and he punctuates every third sentence with a brief, wistful smile. If you can imagine Hitler or Samorodnitsky declaring about unceremonious depreciation write-offs, you'll have an idea of the controlled passion that Conway pours into his dry, statistical discipline.

Conway's forte is not pessimism, but fatalism report. In the Gordon budget, the Carter report, the general plan and the Watkins report, it is im-



possible to point out a single recommendation that can be labeled pure Conway. But it was Conway's inclusion advising Conway's relentless precision in gathering supportive data, and Conway's flair for devising administrative solutions, that made it possible for his bosses to put forward many of the proposals they did. "What was Geoff's main contribution to my budget?" asks Walter Gordon. "Well, I suppose you could say that he plugged a lot of loopholes."

His career so far has had a tinge of inevitability about it. At the Uni-

versity of British Columbia in the mid-1960s it was routinely assumed that he would be Minister of Finance by the time he was, say, 35. As minister of UBC's Student Council it took him an effortful few weeks to reorganize the finances of the Alms Master Society (the student body's) into a state of terrifying efficiency. His chief reform was to unionize that UBC's administration, which collected AMS fees on registration day, turn them over to the AMS immediately, instead of at the end of each fiscal year. This measure gave the AMS several

thousand extra dollars in annual interest income.

After graduating in Commerce in 1956, Conway went to work for the Vancouver office of Clarkson, Gordon Ltd., probably the nation's most venerable chartered accountancy firm and, in 1961, transferred to head office in Toronto. He also joined an informal group of Bay Street experts who donated their fiscal expertise to John Wintermyer, then leader of the Ontario Liberal Party.

Conway, then 27, became a key member of the Wintermyer brain-

EDDIF CONWAY

continued

ment. When on the basis of Conway's research and writing, Westminster awarded quarter-century awards to a government initiative plan and official corporate proposals, the government called a committee hearing to debate the matter.

"That's when the tension got loose," Conway recalls. "They had their whole reputation riding on me. Who else had checked the figures? Conway's boss, Walter Gordon, called his junior employee into his office. 'Well,' he said, 'are your figures accurate?' 'I believe so,' and Conway who assumed Gordon was going to ask him not to appear before the committee. Gordon thought for a long moment, then said, 'Okay, here you go.' Conway did, spent the latter part of a day being cross-examined by MPs and experts from the Provincial Treasury's office—and emerged with his arguments unshaken, though the government plan had already been implemented.

The same team that later worked for the federal Liberal Party, then tried to drink the outlines of a national pension plan. Conway and the team's other members, including investment adviser David Stanley and Martin O'Connell, ran weekly in each other's living rooms for seven months, and at the end produced a 150-page document that became the basis for the Liberal's pension promise in the 1983 campaign that returned them to office. Once again, Conway's punches for rent were earned. "We'd think of an idea, and then work," Conway says. "If Geoff would turn up the next week with the figures showing exactly what would happen if we tried it."

Shortly after midnight, Finance Minister Gordon summoned Conway, Stanley and O'Connell to Ottawa to help him lay out of the responsible commitment that Lester Pearson, so his last report, had called the "Sixty Days of Disaster." Gordon, working with an underfunded department, had to produce a budget within weeks. Conway leaped up from Harvard—he'd resigned from Clarkson, Gordon was work on his doctorate in finance—and jumped into the task of helping put together a budget that had to be dramatic, reformative, radical—reducing, and deliberate against a powerful opposition.

The result of these efforts has entered into the federal folklore. Conway, Stanley and O'Connell were wittily labeled "the Bay Street boys," the

three who took, and suddenly became a serious political embarrassment to their treasurer. To senior Finance officials who had to work with them, they were worse: an intolerable affront. Of the three "T-bird kids," Conway was by far the youngest and, it is safe to assume, by far the least palatable. "My God!" says one man who was a close observer of those frantic few weeks. "How do you suppose these men felt? There were some of the best economic brains in the country—hell, in the world!—and here was this professor student running around telling them how to write a budget? It's not hard to imagine Conway as a brilliant, dominantly energetic, dedicated to his country and urgently interested in necessary reform. There are all admirable qualities, but he is not in the least humble about any of them. It's incredible how many people dislike him in Ottawa," says one associate. "He frightened them. The trouble is, Geoff is too impatient with stupidity. His tends to underestimate the intelligence of anyone who disagrees with him."

Conway himself confirms this impression. When he's arguing a point, he never thinks of himself as arguing, for him, it's simply a process of making the other person understand the facts. When that happens, Conway seems to feel, agreement will automatically follow. "All I do," he told me in one interview, "is to feed data into the computer. After that, the conclusions should be inevitable."

After Gordon's budget collapsed, Conway never did get back to Harvard. Before he left Ottawa, he was one of the few of 100-sold full-time researchers for the Carter Commission. He spent three years working on the massive report that has been described as "a sterling embodiment of fiscal equity" by an earlier Harvard economist) and as a blueprint for mid-sized socialism (by almost every industry that would have its taxes increased).

When the commission proposed to replace our present chaotic tax structure with a system that, as its starting point, rests on fairness—or, as economists say, equity. The result is a technically complex collection of interrelated proposals for tax reforms, all predicated on the proposition that, in Kenneth Carter's occasional words, "a lack is a lack." In other words, all incomes would be taxed but taxed much more equitably than at present. The end result: corporations—especially foreign-owned corporations—and rich

people, would, in general, pay more. Most taxpayers would pay less, and nearly half of them would pay substantially less—at least 15 percent, which is a saving you can feel. The social implications are obvious. The privileged few would lose. The increased equity—including the sad little men whom newspaper cartoonists habitually depict wearing a kamel—would gain.

Conway's contributions to the report's final form was important, but not crucial. His major published effort was a study showing what would happen if a multi-gamut tax were imposed. It's not hard to imagine Conway as a brilliant, dominantly energetic, dedicated to his country and urgently interested in necessary reform. There are all admirable qualities, but he is not in the least humble about any of them. It's incredible how many people dislike him in Ottawa," says one associate. "He frightened them. The trouble is, Geoff is too impatient with stupidity. His tends to underestimate the intelligence of anyone who disagrees with him."

Now Conway has a less frantic work-load. But he still stays up until two or three in the morning in his home living room, writing down figures on broad sheets of foolscap, answering the long-distance telephone, worrying over those little facts he carries. Spasms with his overworked son Michael is equally demanding. Michael, they play endless games of chess and Monopoly. Michael, incidentally, is a several games up on his father.

You should have seen Conway at midnight when Edgar Benson brought down last fall's budget. Calls kept coming in—investment dealers, financial writers from all over the country, company executives—a whole swirl of people around the country. He was the one of 100-sold full-time researchers for the Carter Commission. He spent three years working on the massive report that has been described as "a sterling embodiment of fiscal equity" by an earlier Harvard economist) and as a blueprint for mid-sized socialism (by almost every industry that would have its taxes increased).

"Well, it's a fair-rate tax," he was saying to one caller from Montreal. "And a good chunk of the policyholders are tax-free, aren't they? Now the key thing is, what are you going to do on the corporate side?"

On and on he went, incoherent, talking and talking in that strange economic code language until it was almost light outside. (Often his housekeeper will come in in the morning and find him slumped out on the living-room couch. No time for bed.)

What happens to people like Geoff Conway? Do they burn out or rise forever or what? "If he winds up on the right side," says Walter Gordon, "a brilliant man who's had his ups and downs," he'll do very well. It's all a matter of luck, you know." □



Conway and wife Lenore back in the T-bird on at their home, half-awake a Montreal town

Tbiza: where the living is easy

When he first saw the island of Ibiza, Canadian Ralph Blakstad recalls, he thought he had found the Garden of Eden. Seventy miles off the southeast coast of Spain, the island nurtured dozens of important small farms and villages, centered around the main city (first pronounced Ibiza). Countless artists lived among the mountains, each covered with cacti, almonds, lemons, pines and figs. They grew wild, or in orchards, low on water pumped up by windmills that covered the island, quivering like giant fans among the pines.

"When I came here," Ralph says, "I had many of the feelings about living in a bourgeois society that the young people have today. I wanted to get away from it all, I think for myself. I see I there wasn't a better way to live. It wasn't an earthly wonder, Canada as such, just toward the lack of inner satisfaction in the culture we grew up in. It seemed to have no inner core."

That discovery came 12 years ago, shortly after Ralph and his wife Lenore had both graduated from the University of British Columbia. Ralph had always

been obsessed with the Mediterranean area, and with the help of a study grant, he and Mary set out to look for a place to live. His odyssey took him to Morocco, Costa Rica, Costa Rica, Maldives and Senegal. He found them all, but intuition settled him in Ibiza.

"I was really God's Little Aerie then," he admits. "No electricity, no paved roads, one boat a week to the mainland, and a small community of people who seemed nothing more than to grow crops and children." "Though they had few people to talk to, the Blakstads found the promise to be undeniable. "I think Western culture has run out of spiritual ideas. It is bankrupt," Ralph says. "Here, I am out side of any cultural influences. The Spanish government leaves me alone, and I can meditate on my own back-ground. The things I picked up in Canada. April whenever I do go back, I find I'm much more sensitive to what the country is really like. When you grow up in it, you're too busy to take time to discover either the country or yourself. Spiritually, you're lost."

In the past few years, hundreds of

STORY AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN ZICHMANS



Canadian Mrs. Ralph Blackard and daughters Sandra and Sabrina enjoy Diego's good life on the beach at Colon Vieja.



For years, these two youngsters at a Canadian for decades and perhaps Gresham twenty, the Canadian lifestyle on the island is changing to family living. At top Mrs. Felicity Reid and her family. Above Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Evans and their dog, Boy.

Ibiza continued

Canadians with precisely that feeling have come to Ibiza searching. The first were mostly young writers, artists and an assortment of society's problem children. But the underground spread the word of the good life so well that soon the island drew in an unexpected, more sedate element: teachers, architects, retired people. For some the stay is a mere 14-day escape; a quick shock to armor them against the return to Canada and taste the heavenly light, age, ulcers, God is Dead! The Pill and other side effects of progress. But for a handful such as the Blackards, Ibiza has become a commitment, a place to raise children, a place to live.

At first, they settled around the town of San Cristóbal. Then, as the working girls from Blackpool and the land speculators from Hong Kong began to fix their pounds and marks in the town, the families moved out. Like vacationers in the clubs, they went back into the hills and smaller villages. Today, most of the Canadians live around San Ja. Eutiquia, about 10 miles from Ibiza but even less, 11 Pals. D'Alema's Gels are not. Frankly, not. Katerina's for the faithful coming will be behind.

Though the Canadians on the island keep in close touch with each other, there is no sign of a communal movement. They are all too fiercely individualistic. Mrs. Blackard, who runs her own school for her four children, teaches Spanish in the morning, English in the afternoon, and French twice a week. "They get three complete courses," she says, "and will be able to get into any of the three educational systems at a higher level."

Life for children in general is more Tom Sawyer than Holden Caulfield. Felicity Reid, whose three sons are at local boarding school in Palma, on the mainland, says, "This is one of the best places on earth that you can let children run free. The islands love kids so much, the whole place is a village of baby-sitters. It's a total love situation. The great thing is that it fosters a tremendous pride, a good pride, which makes the children extremely independent. Then later they seem to do well no matter where they are."

But what does one do in the Garden of Eden? Ralph Blackard, with a family of five, paints, restores Tibetan carpets and Etruscan pottery, is involved in city planning, and lives twice as a film camera. He usually rents one day a

week. Felicity Reid has tested time on terraces at various times with a tea set, real estate and library. Now, a new café is in the place. Martin and Shelley Evans, a retired couple from Vancouver who rent a small house in suburban Ibiza, visit the island life in the best afternoon tradition, big blazers included. In off moments, they walk sheep sell. Mrs. Evans says simply, "Here, living itself takes a lot of time. But after all, what does one do anywhere?"

The answer it seems, depends on how much mental feed one needs. The sun, the sea, the good life are all here, yet the main entertainment for the island people remains themselves and each other.

Graham Country, a Toronto artist who lives with his model wife Lenore in a magnificent house built around an ancient Moorish windmill, says, "Ibiza island has none of the elements you can hide behind in Canada. In a way, it can be fairly cruel. You can suddenly find you can't stand living with yourself or anyone else. You have to stop away all the enticements and start over."

Ralph Blackard sees the same phenomenon in a slightly more optimistic way. "Your mind needs empty, clear windows to look through, not garbage going through your head all day. It obscures the way what thoughts and what are good, we just lose sight of them when too much junk is forced on us. The problem is to wake up, wash your thoughts, digest the good news and throw away what you don't need."

People who would like to live less all enthusiasts for life because they are forced to turn on and shut off regard less of what they are doing. At the same time, they become victims of the sounds and experiences and throw their minds. They become slaves, at obsessive thinking. They can never turn off. And even if they try to retreat these thoughts — which is normal in Canadian society — they become prisoners in the subconscious.

Coughlin, who has lived outside San Ja. Eutiquia since 1960, has seen these symptoms often. But he knows, too, the cure. "When someone else affects him, you can just feel the vibrations of the air. But then look begins to peel off all those layers and you can almost see the person shed the bed vibrations. It's a beautiful thing to watch. Beautiful."



Export returns of ancient art objects. Ralph Blatman (far left) works on Etruscan pottery in his Tbilisi home.

'35 for a hideout in the hills

The single most expensive part of Tbilisi is getting there: \$512 return from Montreal. Life on the island itself is an idyllic dream.

In Sirtia Kobale, you can sleep in a pension such as the Pilakia for 50 cents — about 75 cents — and get fed the most amazing as well. For the old trekway visitors, the new Fencio hotel provides 12 rooms with beds and showers, a fresh-water pool, dining rooms, and impeccable service as trimmed in gilt and marble opulence. The rate per day, about three dollars



For this handsome, once abandoned villa, the Blatmans pay \$35 a month.

The tourist money has lured many of the peasants to the town. They rent out their old farmhouses with doublets to the road beggars, outbidding each other for the abandoned homes. Rates go between \$25 and \$50 per month. Summer days reach the 86s, but with none of the oppressive, wet heat of the tropics. Rain comes only with winter, when the temperature wanders between 45 and 65 degrees.

The island is a garden and fruit and

vegetables are about 10 cents a pound. Meat and dairy products cost most. Ironically, big meats for two are almost cheaper to eat out than to raise at home. El Puchito serves a dinner of cured chicken, bread, salad and four fingers of wine for 50 cents. However, steak au poivre plus wine plus salad plus dessert plus coffee costs for three dollars at La Gelia, the best restaurant in town. Otherwise keeping the spirit alive costs marvellously little. A pack of Quicada cigarettes costs 12 cents, San Miguel beer a dollar, Soviet vodka, \$1.95 a bottle. Straight drinkers benefit: this meat at 10 cents, wine costs more than a shot of booze.

Though Tbilisi does have built-ups, expensive \$750 for the good seats and air-gelatinous downtown are simple. Forbiddingness is merely the sea, the sun and the people. Red baggies are common at the Kozko, the outdoor cafe at the village square in Sirtia Kobale, watching the world through a glass of Nibzhe, the local liquor. And if you must resist an activity, the proprietor will lend you his chest set, with his compliments. □

It was a dash-for-life drama; it will happen again and again

THE HUNT FOR A BEATING HEART

There's a grim, almost gruesome way of looking at the whole business of heart-transplant surgery. For someone if you happen to become one of the 5,850 victims the Canada Safety Council predicts will die on our roads in 1969, you could be doing yourselves a great service if you somehow observe to be killed cleanly. Avoid wasteful collisions that crush the children and reduce a perfectly good heart to pulp. Ideally, try to arrange an accident that produces instant unconsciousness and irreparable brain damage. Both an injury could mean that your spine stays on long enough for you to be rushed to the nearest hospital with an intensive-care unit and hooked up to an artificial respirator. Given their circumstances, together with a doctor versed in cardiology and sure of how when sent to the operating room you too could be a heart donor. You will have gained a minute at least, unfortunately, and a certain organic immortality in the sense that bits and pieces of your body will survive to function in the service of other people's needs.

That it must be confined, as roughly how I viewed the "miracle" of heart transplants will quite recently. I'm an average healthy man with a sound heart and no immediate prospect of needing a spare. I was concerned that nothing would ever induce me to consider the donation of a heart by any of my immediate family. Nor should my own loyal hiker start to feel what I ever share it to be replaced by a palpitating organ of alien tissue snatched from a near-stranger. While applauding the surgical skills that make the operation possible, I wouldn't express a shoulder of disgust at the coldly mechanical implications. Kidney transplants are all very well. They are fairly pliable organs and besides, we have two of them. But the heart, the unrelenting pump, the prime symbol of human individuality, was too fine and private a part to be treated so casually. There'd be trying to save transplants now. Ugh.

My distaste deepened when I read a newspaper account of Canada's fifth and the world's 55th heart transplant,

performed at the Montreal Heart Institute last September 29. (At that time 26 of the recipients were still alive.) The donor in this case was Gary Mercier, a 36-year-old insurance salesman from Edmundston, New Brunswick, who would have been 37 on November 9. The recipient was Rossie Brien, a 34-year-old interior decorator from the Lacanville village of St. Eugene de Maricao who had been suffering severe coronary artery disease for five years and whose time was fast running out. The operation, said the report, had been remarkably successful with Mercier's heart beginning to beat spontaneously in Brien's body moments after it had been removed from place.

Although details were scanty, three aspects of the case troubled me. First, Mercier's young athletic body had proved to be something of a treasure trove for transplant surgeons. Not only had it yielded an excellent heart, but two anonymous recipients had each been given a kidney and his eyes were later used for corneal grafts on separate patients — making a total of five people physically in Mercier's debt. Second, the case dramatically underscored one of the cost-teaching problems raised by transplants, the question of when a patient can be considered adequately dead. The operation had been delayed for several hours until neurological operations were completed that, although a pulse was still being monitored by a respirator, there was no flicker of life in Mercier's brain.

The third and, to me, most evocative aspect of the case was simply that the donor had been brought all the way from Edmundston, 350 air miles from Montreal. Mercier must have fractured in a motorcycle accident, had been unconscious for six days. On the seventh day an elaborate and long-planned emergency airlift was mounted with the transportation of Quebec. This was a mercy flight with a difference. Space was essential but in this case the urgency was not so simply to save the dying boy's life. It was an attempt merely to keep him alive long enough for his heart to be given to somebody else.

BY DOUGLAS MARSHALL

'The donor must show brain death, but he can't be too dead'

So when I set out to learn more about the Mercier-to-Breen heart transplant, I carried some fairly emotional sympathies with me. I fully expected to have these passions confirmed. Instead, what I found changed my thinking entirely. There's a second, more rational way of looking at transplant operations; the way they are viewed by Dr. Pierre Grondin, head surgeon on the Montreal heart team. It can best be expressed like this: between the time I write these words and you read them — about six weeks — half a dozen terminal heart patients in the Montreal waiting clinic will likely have died. Each would have stood at least a 50-percent chance of still being alive had there been enough donor hearts available.

One reason the life-saving hearts aren't forthcoming is because, as yet, few few local doctors are thinking in terms of possible transplant donations when treating dying patients. All transplantations must be conducted under emergency conditions since the best chance for success comes when the donor heart is still beating. A heart that has been stopped more than an hour is useless. That the time it takes to move a donor from the scene of an accident or an emergency ward to a heart-surgery theatre is crucial.

"It's rare we're missing a lot of good hearts because some doctors aren't thinking fast enough," says Dr. Grondin. "They are busy playing golf or are wrapped up in their own special field. They're trying to find some way of saving every death in Canada that we are ready and waiting for hearts. Even if the only available donor were in Vancouver, I'd seize the chance and fly him in by jet if necessary."

However, ensuring increasing co-operation on the part of doctors, there's still the more formidable problem of widening the cooperation of the general public — the only source of supply. On an abstract level, heart transplants undoubtedly have stirred the popular imagination. But the concept of new hearts for old suddenly becomes unacceptably grimly in the particular. Too many laymen still think I did, in a vague sort of superstition, find the second heart.

But for Dr. Grondin, there is nothing sacred about the heart at all. It's simply an organ, like other organs, and a transplant, which surgically is no more complicated than a heart-lung operation, is simply another method of treatment. This doesn't mean that Grondin's outlook is purely clinical and dispassionate. Warmth and humanity are registered in every frown and grin of his fairly Fernand-like face. He appreciates the qualities many people have about transplants but his concern is with saving lives.

There's no getting around the fact that transplantations involve special circumstances. We're operating in a twilight zone. The donor has to be dead enough to show brain death but he can't be too dead.

"Once we're morally and physically certain that there is nothing more that we can do for the donor, our attention shifts to the recipient. There's a guy who is fighting for his life. He can't afford to wait. But finding a heart for him involves an enormous amount of public participation, a conscious awareness of what is going on. There's no point, for instance, in donating your heart in your will. The heart won't survive the opening of the will."

Two steps should be taken immediately to make transplant operations less complicated. First, more people should be encouraged to donate their hearts while they are still alive and well. Second, this should be reinforced along with a parliamentary bill that says people have a right to

give their bodies to science. There's no such bill in Canada at the moment, although other countries have them. As things stand, your body legally belongs to the rest of us."

Seen in this light, Breen's liver was a very lucky man. An extraordinary set of circumstances combined to smooth away the legal, medical and emotional difficulties that normally would have stood between him and a new heart. Whereas, at first glance, had considered the case harsh, more enlightened opinion regarded it as a textbook example of how heart-lunged operations should and no doubt ones will be conducted as a matter of routine.

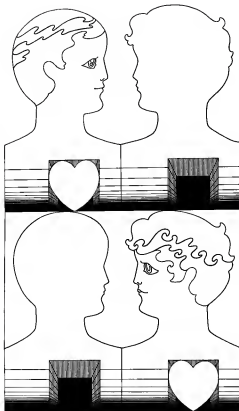
The story begins, as every transplant case must, with a tragedy. Gary Mercier was the youngest of three sons (Paul, 31, is studying technology in Toronto, Ronald, 19, is in his last year of school). He was also, in an old-fashioned term still current meaning, an outstanding boy. People I talked to who knew him went out of their way to praise his personality and potential. "He was into everything," noted his father Alder, a quiet pipe-smoking train engineer with the CNR. "Coke, Scotch, the school band, the Art Club, summer camp, hockey, skiing, you name it. He was full of life and always had a joke." Something in Alder Mercier's tone conveyed the dimensions of his grief. His had not only lost a son but, something that is rarer in today's families, a friend.

Last summer Gary bought himself a 1984-4 Honda motorcycle. "We didn't want him to have it," said his mother, Thérèse, "but he'd done so well in school, had saved his own money and had budgeted in for so long that we couldn't say no." About half an hour after midnight on Sunday, September 23, Gary set out on his bike for a pre-bedtime snack at a local café. A friend, 18-year-old Gaston Veilleux, sat behind him on the pillion. Both were wearing crash helmets. A couple of blocks from his home, Gary shot past on the inside of a car stopped at a through street and crashed into another car that was crossing the intersection. As the police later ascertained it, Mercier and Veilleux were thrown 24 feet, four metres. Veilleux suffered a broken leg and severe facial lacerations. Mercier had a fracture at the base of his skull and never regained consciousness. Both victims were in hospital within 10 minutes.

It's important at this point to realize that had the accident happened anywhere else in New Brunswick, Breen would very likely have never received his new heart. Edmondston is a predominantly French-speaking community of 14,000, tucked up in the northwest corner of the province on a loop of the Madawaska River. It's so remote from other centres that it takes a lot of time to get to Madawaska — a sort of make-believe Canadiana. Lechworths, built on lumber. But in spite of the city's isolation, it has a modern, fully equipped hospital with a brand-new intensive-care unit. It also has the services of Dr. Guy Senechal, a keen and dedicated vascular specialist, the only one in the province. Senechal, 36, trained at Laval and in the United States and has always kept himself well-informed about developments in his field.

Minutes after Mercier was admitted to the Hôpital-Duval Hospital, Senechal was on the scene. First he performed

"There is a controversy in Quebec over an anonymous person in 1982 to the province's House of Assembly. The controversy was whether someone who is willing to give an organ or body part for the purpose of an operation during his next illness should be allowed to give his body or part of it to be used for emergency purposes. Clause 3 of the bill states that if such a donor dies to fulfill the aforementioned need of the recipient may involve the use of the body or part."



2.30 a.m.: 'Death beyond all doubt...' The transplant began

an emergency tracheotomy to ease the boy's breathing. The heart beat became irregular and finally stopped. Sorens began an external heart massage and issued a "Code 99" signal, automatically underscored thoracotomy to indicate a case of cardiac arrest. The roomed, among others, Dr. G. H. Liversage, a specialist in external medicine, to Sorens' aid. The two doctors massaged the patient and their watch the vital signs looked good, moved him to the intensive-care unit. Sorens continues the story.

There was no sign of intubation or a transfer of surgery from one side of the brain to the other. This and other vital signs were told in that the whole brain was damaged. Open surgery wouldn't have done any good. The best we could hope for was that there was a temporary swelling that would pass away in time. Meanwhile, we had to keep his system going. We couldn't have done that without the facilities of the intensive-care unit. Our most valuable piece of equipment in this case was an automatic temperature-control unit linked to a cooling machine. Without it, Mercuro's temperature would have soared to 107 degrees and he'd have died.

Then at 6 a.m. Thursday, five days after the accident, the boy stopped breathing on his own. This told us that the brain damage was irreversible. We then placed him on the artificial respirator, something we always do for at least 24 hours in these cases in order to let nature take its course. By Friday I was wondering whether this might be an ideal heart donor and whether Graciosa, who I had never met, would consider it feasible to come back a long way. I also had to take the feelings of the parents into account. By this stage I realized that in Mrs. Mercuro, I was dealing with an extremely intelligent person, a woman in a class by herself.

Theresa Mercuro, the 44-year-old 12 years senior of the Edmonton office of the Canadian National Institute for the Blind, is indeed an impressive woman. Throughout this harrowing week she had met the situation with courage and fortitude. Then on Friday, when it became clear that Gary was being kept alive only by the respirator, she requested that the machine be turned off and her son's eyes closed for the week. Gary, who with the aid of his family, had signed a form donating his eyes three years before. On Saturday morning, shortly before the respirator was scheduled to be stopped, Dr. Sorens talked to Mrs. Mercuro and asked if she'd also allow Gary to give his heart. She understood the implications of the request at once and gave her permission without hesitation.

"We knew Gary was done," she explained to me. "It was a shame to lose him, but, my goodness, if we can help somebody else I don't see why anybody should hesitate." As I was talking to her, I happened to glance up and noticed on three but four pairs of gold-rimmed baby shoes scattered about the living-room floor. "You, yes, you've had rather bad luck," said Mrs. Mercuro softly.

Her fourth son, John, died of meningitis at seven months. Once Sorens had the family's permission, events moved quickly. Dr. Graciosa, reached by phone at 11 a.m. Sunday in Montreal, was immediately on his way. He asked a few preliminary questions, hung up and then called back 10 minutes later to say a DC-3 was on its way, courtesy of Quebec. He also dictated the wording of the release form that the Mercuros would be required to sign. The plane landed at Edmonstone's small, grass-runway airport at about 4 p.m. Edmonstone's home, which is an hour later than Montreal time. He heard was a team from the Montreal Institute, headed by the chief surgeon Dr.

Bernard Pomeroy. They were greeted by a delegation of Edmonstone dignitaries, including the mayor, who had been tipped off by Quebec.

Escorted by police to the hospital, the Montreal doctors quickly washed themselves that Mercuro was alive and his heart was in good condition. Dr. Pomeroy recalled: "The next he'd had really good care. The only question was whether he would survive the trip back to Montreal. We watched him over to a hand-operated respirator — it looks like a plastic oxygen-tug — but his blood pressure started to drop on the way to the airport. We gave him two units of plasma and two units of blood before the plane took off. We didn't want to give him too much blood because it might complicate resuscitation procedures later."

Mr. and Mrs. Mercuro, white-faced but under perfect control, watched as their son was lifted aboard the aircraft. Dr. Sorens accompanied his patient on the trip to Montreal. The DC-3, given priority landing clearance, touched down at Dorval shortly after 7 p.m. Blood and tissue samples were taken immediately and dispatched to the Institute of Microbiology for compatibility tests. Mercuro's police were returning, was scheduled at 10 p.m. an hour to the heart surgery for his long-delayed relatives with death.

Dr. Graciosa, meanwhile, was busy making preparations for a transplant. Two potential recipients were washed and shaved from neck to knee — a necessary preliminary for all open-heart operations. At this point they were both told only that a transplantation was a possibility. The doctors asked which of the two got a new heart — and a new lease on life — depended on the results of the compatibility tests. These came in about 9 p.m. and showed that out of five categories, Brian had a Grade B match with Mercuro. Only close blood relatives could have been more compatible. In the proposed polar game with him that had started with Mercuro's accident a week earlier, Brian had drawn the final card that won him the jackpot.

The only thing now holding up the transplant was the unsettling fact that Mercuro's wasn't dead. An encephalograph will registered slight electrical activity in the brain. Two neurological experts were called in from Notre Dame Hospital to perform a special eye test on the brain. It proved the decision was irreversible. "The doctors wrote the Devil's, or perhaps I should say the doctor's advocate," Graciosa explained. "They were there to protect us by establishing death beyond all doubt. When a final encephalogram failed to reveal any flicker of life, they gave us permission to go ahead. By that time it was about 2.30 a.m."

A few minutes later, Mercuro and Brian were wheeled into the green-walled, double-doored operating theatre. The first step was to expose Mercuro's heart and hook it up to a heart-lung machine. The machine perfused the heart with cool, richly oxygenated blood and returned it to a healthy pink condition. Next Brian's diseased heart was removed and his system attached to a second heart-lung machine. Then, at 5.27 a.m. Mercuro's heart was wrapped out and his sorts clamped off — the moment of absolute death. By 1.48 his kidneys were out, for further resuscitation in the lab, his spine had all been removed. The final grilling of the heart was completed at 5 a.m. and the entire operation was over by eight. For Dr. Graciosa and his team, everything had gone without a hitch.

continued on page 56



A wild-blue-yonder kind of excitement: Olds Cutlass 5.0.

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HOW TO GET AHEAD ON AN APPLE

There was this new apple drink that foams like beer, and these two whiz-kid entrepreneurs, so green they didn't know their roles couldn't work. So what did they do? Cracked the tough soft-drink market wide open, that's what

NATURALLY inebriated capable of launching an on-the-job plan has found about Apple Corps — the international BAND-AID corporation owned by The Beatles — to exploit the immense profits of under-30-year-olds. But so far, only a few unusual marketing men and about 16,000 cherry teenagers have heard of an equally imaginative company called Apple Bros (Hyman with "Apple" side). Toronto's Laidlaw, recently formed by two under-25-year-olds.

"Since we launched Apple Bros on the Ontario market in mid-June, we've been selling about 5,000 cases a month and repeat orders are flowing in," says Raymond Aaron, the 26-year-old vice-president of the company.

So what is Apple Bros' already? It's a fuzzy, amber-colored soft drink that deflates a whopping head pain. Its beer. Even the cans it comes in was designed to suggest the contents were produced by a Munich brewery (this is German for "beer"). But the only alcohol involved in the drink and the taste is pure apple. "There are 2,000-715 apple slices in each 12-oz. glass of Apple Bros," runs one of the first and most recommended ads to promote the drink.

Presumably, the remarkable demand for Apple Bros, which was revealed by a Denver, Colorado, soft-drink bottler, has something to do with its crop new taste. However, experts in the marketing field are more inclined to attribute the drink's success in Canada to the collaborative and drive of Aaron and his associate, Jim Laidlaw, the company's 21-year-old president. The independent spirit of entrepreneurs have pulled off something considered impossible. Starting with no organization, no distribution system, no capital facilities and absolutely no idea of what a soft-drink industry meant, they took an unknown product and cracked the tough, tough and not soft-drink market wide open.

The Laidlaw-Aaron partnership is like a Yin Yang symbol, a harmony of opposites. Laidlaw, tall, fair-haired and with a slightly quizzical smile, is the man with the wild ideas. He left school after grade 12 and by 19 had his own enter-

prising company in the distribution cosmetic business. He started doing about \$65,000 a year. At 39 he became marketing manager for an American franchising firm and traveled around the continent drinking up new business, setting up sales offices and training personnel.

Aaron is short, dark, meticulous and well-read. He entered the University of Toronto on a scholarship at 17 and graduated with honors in maths, physics and chemistry. After graduation he wrote a university textbook on calculus and published it himself. It was made compulsory for some 600 first-year students before he had finished the last chapter. Later he helped to write Ontario's new college entrance exam in mathematics and almost accidentally picked up a postgraduate scholarship to study computer science for his doctorate. But he never took up the scholarship; the business world held more attractions. He went into computer merchandising and that's where he met Laidlaw.

Their business idea: Apple Bros came after a college friend told them it was the soft-drink drink all over 13th Avenue. Aaron was an apple-owning company that made go for it, too. The pair flew down to Denver and came back with the Ontario franchise and first-class rights for the rest of Canada. Then the whole thing ran into their 13th Street wall. Almost everybody in Toronto connected with the soft-drink trade advised them to get lost or forget it. At the boys tell it is their Blue and Red story.

Laidlaw: "The president of one bottling company said we'd probably sell 5,000 cases over a period of months and close our doors. Another said that a bottling company said we might make \$300 over in a year."

Aaron: "And do?" Laidlaw: "Or what was a Cola bottle? Nobody wanted to do apple is." Eventually they found a factory friend at Crush International and Crush put the financial on manufacturing Apple Bros from a warehouse imported from Denver. The next break was a firm con-

tract from a chain of 170 petrol-station to buy the product as soon as it became available. All they needed now was money — about \$10,000 — and for six months they made the rounds of banks. The response was almost the same. "No, no, no, we can't do the quantity of what percentage the banker wanted, they would come out with 75 percent, 10 percent or 31 percent. And since we had no money to become popular."

Finally, they heard about Charterhouse, a Toronto venture-capital firm that normally trades amounts of more than \$100,000 to well-established firms. But the people at Charterhouse liked the boys' style and asked to see their prospectus — asking that of course it would show a cash-flow analysis and things like that. Of course.

Aaron: "We didn't know what those things were. But we stayed up all one weekend getting politicians from our friends copied on the thing. Finally right and took it to them on Monday morning."

Laidlaw: "We spread artificial dirt on it."

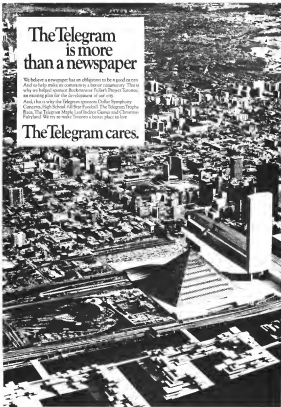
Charterhouse went for the idea took some shares, but left control of the company with the two principals. Apple Bros went into production two months later. The next step was to create a demand. The partners spent \$40,000 on radio commercials, but it wasn't until September's National Supermarket Show — at which Apple Bros gave away more free samples than Coke and Crush combined — that they made any impact on public. By the end of the show Laidlaw and Aaron had lined up five more Ontario wholesalers, had taken up their option on the Quebec franchise and were making plans to market the drink in western Canada (where it will probably be known as Apple Dew).

How did it Apple Bros' future? Will the partners are now coping with the idea of manufacturing the flavor themselves in Canada, and they have reported the trade issue for a new low-alcohol apple drink. It will be called Low Bros. What else? ☐

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THE PARTY '68

WHO'S THE LADY IN THE COSTUME? THAT'S OUR HOSTESS

Whoever the genius was who picked up the hippie penchant for colorless-as-murphy wear to create the Rich Hippie Look, he should be awarded a Centennial Medal. There's no such thing as being ever dressed or too fringed-out these days. Larding it up with rings, bangles, necklaces and toe pieces has become the party thing with the Scotch Grown. You just keep adding jewelry until it looks like too much, then add a few more things.

And who can be the most outrageous of all? Why, the lady lady who decided to throw the party in the first place. Guests are left to mumble, "Damn, wish it'd been that, but..." It's not a thing everyone can pull off.

Women in their late 40s and in their 50s should leave it alone — they've got a kind of womanliness no amount of larding will enhance. But for the woman under 40 — especially if she happens to be the hostess — almost bare, or completely larded down with bits and pieces is just right.

Jacqueline Fiamanti of Montreal designed this wide-open top and opaque pant outfit for \$150. It's definitely for a little lady with firm shape and a brave style. The jewelry is from Pat Pearl's, the oriental rug is from S. J. Adman, both of Toronto.

PRODUCED BY
MARJORIE HARRIS
PHOTOGRAPHS BY
ARMIN D. MAYER





THE PARTY '89

The dress above is by Jostephine. Farahout of Montreal, who's made a specialty of Hollywood outfits. Her work has a Real Fancie quality rather than a looky-fuddish look as often mistaken for Givetti design. It's \$125. The colorful bag is from S. J. Allen, Toronto.

Silver seems to have an is a classic color, season after season. This year there won't be much of it, but it will be strategically placed. These two dresses are by Raro. Modestly, two designers who work exclusively for Givetti 2 in Toronto, who concentrate on dresses consisting of as little as possible. Left: 155; right: 145. Stocking here: Gimble, Toronto.





John Garkholder of Toronto uses black or white almost by the exclusion of other colors — he feels they are the most "elegant" colors of all. The black organic brooch is \$35, the silk blood pinks, \$45. ▶



▲ Hilke's (red) evening dress for Chlo Mager, Toronto, is about \$275. The Rye rug is from R. E. W. Aspel, Toronto.

◆ This blue Lunce crochet dress was designed by Hilkie for Chic Margot, in Toronto, about \$120. It's unnecessary to wear anything under this dress except perhaps a light body stocking for the extremely modest. The oriental rug is from S. J. Allen.

THOMSON www.thomson.com 13

"I don't believe there's such a thing as luck. Luck is opportunity seized. I don't miss many opportunities."

Thomson: I think it would be admirable. The thing is that in Canada and the U.S. they all chase after degrees in a university, don't they? What's the hell's the difference? They put tubes after these names instead of in front, you see. I don't think it makes any difference.

lack, so one can make a very good case for biodiversity in a democracy. But it's damned hard to have one. At the same time you can't raise much of an argument about kinhoods, and that's one of those that die with you. I think

It's a mark of distinction for something you've accomplished and it should be available. I think it would add color to life and it would be a reward for people who may not have had financial rewards for things they've done.

Maclean's: Your title is hereditary, isn't it?

Thomson: Yes.
Maclean's: What do you think about becoming Lord Thomson of Florio? Wouldn't you rather be Lord Thomson of Toronto?

Thomson: I asked for this title and they wouldn't let me have it. The Canadian government wouldn't approve it. And the Canadian government really had nothing to do with it.

Maclean's: Do you ever expect to be

Thompson: I was offered that. At least I was told that I would be by Diefenbaker. But he wasn't in office when the vacancy occurred. He said he would give it to me three times and I've just etc.

denied about it. I can rile the people that heard him say it. However, I'm glad a deficit happens now. It wouldn't have been pretty nice to be born and bred poor in a country and end up the Governor General. It intrigued me and I thought, "I'll do it."

I certainly would have accepted it at the time. But I wouldn't accept it today, not that there's any chance of getting it. I don't think now I could stand the ceremony. And you have to dress yourself from business and that would make me quite ashamed.

Thomson: Never met him. I wouldn't have voted for him in the election, but I'm not at all sure that I wouldn't vote for him now. I liked the man the way he was.

for him now. I said the way he ran his campaign. He promised Quebec nothing and yet he carried them with him. And he's out out his winter work. He said we can't afford it. In other words, he looks as if he can make downvotes and stick to them. Meanwhile, I'm a Tiger and I'm out.

non-Naturens. For a Tory and I would have preferred a Tory. I was concerned over the fact that Trudeau had so little experience. But for my money he is a de-

Mark: It's your favorite reading still balance sheet?

Thomas: I like to read balance sheets even when the money's not mine. They interest me. But my favorite reading is...

Maclean's Has it dawned on you when Canadians criticized you and told you had a cash register for a heart?

Thomson: It doesn't make a bit of difference to me. I just console myself by saying it's gallery. There isn't one of them who can put a tale and they all would bloody well like to have one. Mackenzie! Now that you're not all at

Thomson: Very happy. I should be very unhappy if I didn't have it. But I don't use much money. I don't consider I've got money. I consider I've got business.

MacKenzie: What do you like to hear and

Thomson: The best compliment that could be paid me is on my business ability.

Maclean: How do you spend your spare time?

Thomson: I don't have a lot. I live in the country and I go home on the

Underground — out to Underbridge and my man picks me up there. Like I first go home and wait, or look and I get up at seven. I read the papers, pump out. I read the Toronto papers one day a week when they get to me — a week's

MacIntyre: Do you see all the papers you own?

Thompson: There are some I've never seen.

MacIntyre: But you have seen them.

Madeline's Did you have more fun when you went owndy money to a lot of banks in Canada than you're having these days? **Thomson:** I owe banks more today than I ever owed. I have a capacity now to carry troubles home with me. I don't

Madness: What's in your mind about retirement?

Thomas: It's inevitably going to come. I've always talked about taking another five years, but I don't know about that. *Nathan's*: You mean each year you've said that?

— but I am trying to cut down a little on my work, my night work. Now tonight I have to go to a cocktail party and then a dinner. Later this afternoon I have a meeting with the Finance Minister of Yugoslavia. I want to have

I don't even know whose cocktail party it is I go to tonight. I have dinner with the Prime Minister of Barbados. I've had as many as four cocktail parties and a

THOMSON I want page 73 of his paper — it had 92 pages that day — but too much advertising. But I read I wish I had that problem. Had you I read many things in American and Canadian papers, that I've never seen over here. There's more to papers over there. Here, we just throw down and there's a lot of advertising in doing that but perhaps we have something in the perspective. I have a great respect for the way they run their papers. I have no advice to offer.

MacKenzie Why are you going as so heavily for U.S. properties?

Thomson That's where the money is. I have a great respect for the good old U.S.A. and I like the American people. We have been in effect, Europeans going to there and we've been welcomed with open arms. They're the most open hearted people in the world. If you can do things better than they can, they'll say "They go ahead and do it."

MacKenzie Can you see more Canadian and American customs being followed in the U.K. now?

Thomson Without a doubt. Nearly all of the successful designs I've done here

have been copied from Canada or America. Anything that goes over there shows, without exception, will do over here. It may take a lot of getting over and people get used to it. This is a country of extremes, hot and frigid. People don't want to change. Well, I went into the business and started to introduce some of these new things. I was shoving as hard as I could and everybody in the place was throwing back. Nobody wanted to change anything. I thought it's all right the way it is. And I was the new proprietor, but I remember when I first came over here I walked out of the business and up the street there's a fruit shop, you see a nice little eat and behind the counter. And, there's a big box of apples. It like grapes, and so I said, "You, these look good. It's like new grapes, please." She said, "They're these things the people? They're trying to pretend not to use any more rubbish. This is ridiculous. Of course you know the difference between real and sugar, don't you?"

MacKenzie Salesmanship. And always keep that in mind. It's very helpful.

JASPER

BY SIMPKINS



© JASPER S.

"Oh, it's just that mythical character people believe in at this time of year."

MacKenzie Do you feel that Americans and Canadians should be less interested in each other?

Thomson It's a common observation that when you're flush with money, you're more proud with it. I personally am not that way. I think it's stupid to waste money. I'd rather invest it and make a profit, and get rich.

MacKenzie Do you think anyone a big champion of private enterprise (you yourself)?

Thomson No. I think private enterprise is the way to run a business. Take mismanaged industries. None of them makes money, unless they have a monopoly where they can charge what they like. If I owned all the electricity here I could charge what I like and I'd make a hell of a lot of money — I'd make more money than they're making. I can remove you. And not charge as much either. But you can't remove that. Business against private enterprise because there's no competition. Of course you shouldn't have two telephone systems in a city so that you have to buy two different phones, have places that don't connect with other phones, make people on one line and others on the other one. There are some things in the area where there's every justification for the government having control of the business or, alternatively, keeping the public from having some control. In the Americas we've got the highest standard of living in the world and that's been brought about by the development of private enterprise.

MacKenzie Obviously, you have your papers, TV and radio stations alone, don't you?

Thomson Yes, and I'll tell you why I have papers for instance in the southern United States where they practice segregation. A large percentage of the people there believe in segregation, a lot more than I believe in it. How could I possibly dictate an editorial policy? I think a newspaper must represent the people of the community. Even if the people are wrong, I think they're entitled to their voice. And, if I had in that community maybe I'd think the same — I don't know. I hope I wouldn't, but maybe I would. So, I feel there's no possible way I can sit in one location and try to change editorial opinion in 100 newspapers all over the world. I believe that this should be left to the local editor.

MacKenzie Privately the London Sunday Times is the best newspaper in the English language. Who gets the credit?

Thomson The credit largely goes to Denis Hamilton. I think he's the best editor in the world for a quality newspaper. He's now moved on to the editorship of the new Times newspaper.

MacKenzie The Sunday Times editor now is Harold Evans, isn't he? A very, very able boy. We've built a tremendously able staff. These fellows have been given their head. We don't spare expense to get the news and facts which is going on, and to get the best scripts and the best stories. So, perhaps, I have a little bit of the credit for making the money available and seeing they have the freedom to do these things. □

Some people seem to think that Tilden is anti-American.

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MACLEAN'S REVIEWS

JANUARY, 1969 VOLUME 62 NUMBER 1

RECORDS

The long and ludicrous life of the "Glenn Miller" band

"WELL, MR. FRIEND," one of those honey, go-whiz, lo-there-is-the-kid-on-the-other-side jockeys was breathing into his mike of-the-road microphone, "will they ever come up with another musical style as great as that good old Glenn Miller sound?"

Why, yes, friend, I wanted to say, they will. In fact they already have. But the question was really irrelevant. Indeed you, the record he was playing was called *The Glenn Miller Orchestra Makes the Good Good* (RCA Victor 3971). But the tune — entitled, all too fittingly, *Try To Remember*, from *The Fanfare* — was written long after Miller's death in 1944. The arrangement was by George Szabo, who never played a note for Miller, and the label was designed (or, rather, undersold) by a charmer named Buddy DeFranco, who once played with Tommy Dorsey but never with Miller.

The only link between the current Glenn Miller Orchestra and the original Glenn Miller, then, is a shrewd Wall Street lawyer named David Mackay. An executor of the Miller estate, Mackay controls rights to the old Miller arrangements (which by now surely he monopolized in some Wall Street vault) and, for more importantly, he controls one of the Miller name. What this means, in essence, is that an orchestra — say orchestra — is the Glenn Miller Orchestra if David Mackay says it is.

Mackay's original choice for the house was Tex Beneke, a Miller impersonator of songs taken whose band recordings was in some respects an

improvement over Miller's (less schmaltzy, better rhythms). But it didn't sound even remotely like Miller — a flaw which apparently mattered to Mackay in those days — and Beneke soon lost the franchise.

Next came a drummer named Ray McKinley, a choice that was just partly phony. McKinley had not in with the band during one or two memorable performances but was never a Miller regular. McKinley revived the old Miller style, and improved on it, with some modernization of the arrangements, better electronics, and in lieu of those cute-and-corny old vocals he got some superb solo work by such innovative Midwestern jazzers as Bobby Blackett. As a result, the McKinley band sounded the way Miller probably always wished his band could sound.

Ten years and several method albums later, McKinley grew weary of the play, and Mackay went looking for yet another leader. This time, his choice has proved to be about disaster. Buddy DeFranco seems in eager to appear even was to exploit the Miller style, but he comes on sounding like a highbrow who's only half kidding. In most arrangements, if not all, some recognition value is there — the schlocky road work with the clunkiest riding in unison an octave above the leader, the muted brass filling in between the melodic passages, and the well-to-do chorals of those ensemble choruses. But it's not duplication of Miller or even plausible imitation. It's pure parody. The arrangements of even the new tunes are all too predictable, and the musicians move through them with all the inspiration of a honky-tonk player piano. Worst of all, DeFranco's playing is miserably hard, frequently shrill and undignifiedly flat. *Good Good*, an immensely inappropriate title if there ever was one, offers a "Miller orchestra" that sounds like the high-school band. I closed my book in Miller's own heyday. Where we heard a band like that, we always told each other it sounded pretty good, cranking the guys had been playing together for only a couple of weeks.

And Mackay, it is apparently not content with bad music but also undoubtedly egged on by Mackay him-

self, he has done away with even a pretense of musical integrity. That part of the story can be summed up in a single LP title: *The Glenn Miller Orchestra Under the Direction of Buddy DeFranco Translates The Tuxedo Blues (Yes, No, Nobody)*.

There are just a couple of things I haven't quite figured out. One is just how significant it is that the latest Miller-DeFranco LP carries a credit: *The Glenn Miller Orchestra conducted jointly by Buddy DeFranco and David Mackay, Executive, Random Tunes from The Broadway Smash Hit "Hust" — Live — In the Studio!* (RCA Victor)

MOVIES



Below: in *Sex, European Style*, even the kind alterations can't help her.

Sex, European style: a throwback to the Thirties

A POPULAR KICK among Scandinavians in 1968 consisted of finding a beautiful actress and having her portray someone whose single-minded intent in life was self-compassion — by whatever means her particular kick demanded, the work it cost.

It added up to a screenful of only

CHECKLISTINGS

BOOKS

♦ **The Day Kennedy Was Shot** by Jim Bishop (Longmans, \$10.25). According to Jim Bishop, Jackie Kennedy tried to obstruct him during his first years of research on the book, but her confidence obviously didn't hamper him. His documentation of that fateful day in Dallas is overwhelming; no detail is too small to be overlooked. In his 685-page reconstruction, Fortunately, he is in no emotional than was William Manchester in *The Death of a President* and he is often (often praise) a better writer.

♦ **Tempt 1967: Canada's Second Century** by Leonard Burtin (Macmillan, \$8.95). What will Canada be like 100 years from now? Scenario writer Leonard Burtin answers the question in more than 100 experts in various fields and blends them with his own scenarios. The result is partly fanciful predictions about tomorrow's plastic computerized world and partly wistful thinking.

♦ **Outback and Fireflies** by Ernest Buckler (McClelland and Stewart, \$7.95). This poetic novel is a fictionalized version of Buckler's own boyhood on a farm in Nova Scotia. There is no plot in the conventional sense, and nothing much happens. But Buckler has carved every word out of shining imagery and he achieves a lyric beauty that transforms the routine events of rural life into a shimmering collage of evocative images.

♦ **A Small Town Is Gonna Die** by John Le Carré (Holt-Rinehart, \$5.95). Le Carré returns to his bleak world of spying in this story of a junior secretary in the British Embassy in Rome who apparently declines to Moscow with a list of secrets. But the novel is much more than routine spy fiction. It becomes an urgent morality tale about war guilt and the hazards of short memories. Above all, it's a warning against the resurgence of Nazism in Germany.

RECORDS

♦ **The Beatles** once again prove they are still the pop leaders of the decade with a new four-disc, Apple-labeled album, packed with poetry and philosophical perspectives, and including 10 new songs. 25 of them by John Lennon and Paul McCartney. It's a return to early Beatle days, in a non-theatrical, but unusually expressive, array of songs all dynamically

and tightly arranged. Controversial messages, satirical imagery, humorous satire, and many references to politics and society typically take an anti-establishment view. The scathing rockers and melodic ballads are well constructed, and the highly disciplined presentation creates strong impact. In fact, they lose.

♦ **Jacques Red Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris**. If you've wondered how a scrappy, plucky, coherent-style evening of songs can be such a smash hit in New York, listen to Columbia's original cast release. On four LP sets, four first-rate performers give their all to Red's romantic, often-melancholy tunes and to the appropriately witty and wistful English lyrics. These are old-style tunes we'll all still be humming long after the last Stones has rolled and the Beatles have lost the lead.

♦ **Duke Ellington North of the Border** sounds foreign indeed — until you realize he's neither composer nor bandleader here but simply guest soloist in an otherwise all-Canadian per-



formance of songs just tastefully — and often brilliantly — written by Norman Spinrad, Gordon Lightfoot and Ron Collier (here with Duke). It's suitably performed by three Collier ensembles. One listening won't reveal all the nuances, but no matter: 50 listings are 10 times as rewarding anyhow. A real winner (Dessa).

♦ **He Ernst MacMillan**: Canada's musical knight was now honored with his songs recorded from Europe's farmmost company, Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft. Sir Ernst's *Singing Quartet in C minor* and two sketches on *French-Canadian Airs*, which have just won a place — the most recent place of all Canadian music — in the international repertoire, are expertly played by the Amadeus Quartet.

♦ **Billy Budd**: Right after its sparkling success on TV in Britain and Canada, Benjamin Britten's enigmatic opera, based on Herman Melville's last novel, pops up on London records. The composer himself conducts an all-star cast, but, without the inter-

vention of cinematic effect and TV techniques, the opera becomes a wood-heavy dissertation on the triumph of blind justice over goodness and beauty. In 20 years, however, when we can buy it on videotape, this work will be a best-seller.

MOVIES

♦ **Start** like Andrews seems to be inhabited by the legend of Gertrude Lawrence, and a debut there (that public adulation may not compensate for a great performer's personal emptiness) gets in the way of what might have been a doubly enjoyable old-fashioned musical. It's also as long as long.

♦ **Chitty Chitty Bang Bang**: Children with plenty of riving power may be enchanted by the colorful fantasies of this technological confabulation with music starring Dick Van Dyke in an eccentric turn-of-the-century inventor and father, but adults who do not have a tolerance for whimsy should be wary of going along with the kids.

♦ **Romeo and Juliet**: Teenagers seem to be swept away with adolescent fire for Franco Zeffirelli's acerbic, film-production version of the tragic love story, probably because it's like *West Side Story* without the music. Unfortunately, 17-year-old Leonard Whiting and 16-year-old Olivia Hussey aren't up to Shakespeare's poetry.

♦ **Weekend**: A dazzling trip through hell with the weird of the French New Wave, Jean-Luc Godard, who may be the most brilliant movie-maker in the world today. It starts out as a comedy about chaos on the highway and turns into a bewitching indictment of almost everything in Western civilization. French dialogue with English subtitles.

♦ **The Shoes of the Fisherman**: A long, ambitious, inexpensively dach dog about personal faith, the troubled life and brotherhood of man, in which Anthony Quinn is deflated by the part of a Christ-like hero-witness who hardly has time to recover from 20 years in a Siberian prison camp before he's elected Pope.

♦ **Pretty Poison**: Because of its misleading title and a misguided campaign promoting it as a crime-and-sex thriller, you may have missed one of the best American movies of the year — a sensitive film feature by 31-year-old director New Black, starring Tony Perkins in a disturbed young man and Tuesday Weld as the all-American girl who brings his fantasies to life. Watch for it on second-run hits.

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